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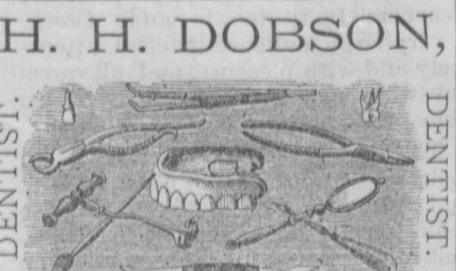
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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

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NUMBER 22.

## POETRY.

### FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

To the children of Cambridge, who presented  
to me, on my seventy-second birthday, February  
27, 1879, this chair, made from the wood of the  
village blacksmith's chestnut tree:

Am I a king, that I should call my own  
This splendid reason throne?  
Or by what reason, or by what right divine,  
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song  
It may to me belong;  
Only because the spreading chestnut tree  
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,  
When in the summer time  
The advent foliage of its branches made  
A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,  
Its blossoms, white and sweet,  
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,  
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,  
Tossed its great arms about,  
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,  
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches here,  
Shaped as a stately chair,  
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,  
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride  
Repeal the ocean-tide,  
But seated in this chair I can in rhyme  
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,  
The blossoms and the bees,  
And hear the children's voices shout and call,  
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,  
I hear the bellows blow,  
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat  
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me  
This day a jubilee,  
And to my more than threescore years and ten  
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,  
And in it are enshrined  
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought  
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could  
Give life to this dead wood,  
And so these branches, leafless now so long,  
Blossom again in song.

### STORE TELLER.

#### DID HE LOVE ME?

Did he love me? Ah, who can tell?  
Dead lips and closed eyes reveal not.  
I was a seamstress, and mother and  
I lived in a tiny cottage on the cliff.  
From our windows we saw every day,  
and all day, the billows of the mighty  
Northern Ocean dashing on the shore,  
or in gentler moments the white wave-  
lets dancing on the bosom of the blue  
deep. The summer's sun lit it up with  
a golden glory, and the icy snow of  
winter melted into it and left no sign;  
the gray sea-gulls floated on it, aye, and  
so did the bodies of the dead some-  
times. We were very poor; and when  
mother was ill, I could not leave her  
to go out and work, nor even to seek  
employment that I could take home  
and do beside her; so when this hap-  
pened, you can think they were hard  
times with us. Bread became scarce,  
and, had it not been for the dried fish,  
sometimes we should have had a sorry  
dinner. One of the houses to which I  
used to go, when we were little known,  
belonged to the captain of the coast-  
guard; and I really enjoyed the days  
I spent helping Mrs. Leigh out down  
and alter the dresses and jackets of  
the young ladies. They were such  
dear bright girls; it was a ray of sun-  
shine bursting into the room when they  
came and turned over the things in  
my basket "to see Nelly's love-let-  
ters." What merry laughs they had,  
and what a tangle they made of all my  
cottons and tapes! They all knew the  
story that had been the cause of our  
going to live on the cliff, and they  
thought none the worse of us because  
father had got into trouble before he  
died.

They knew we could not help that;  
mother had sold the little home I was  
born in, and given up everything she  
possessed, to make up the deficit in his  
accounts and hide his name from shame  
as much as possible. When he died,  
mother moved to this out-of-the-way  
fishing village to try and forget and be  
forgotten. There was no money now;  
nothing to keep a roof over our heads  
but what she and I could earn; so she  
taught a few of the fisher children to  
read and write, and I went over to the  
houses of the few gentlefolks who lived  
near, to sew. How different they were,  
these employers! There were the fam-  
er's wife, Mrs. Abby, as proud and  
concoited as the finest lady in the land,  
with her silks and satins; too grand  
by far to look into her dairy, or lend a  
hand in the cheese-room. The floun-  
ces and platings, and braidings and  
trimmings, of all kinds, that I put on  
her gowns, and yet I never could heap  
on enough to please her. She would  
come into the spare bedroom and read  
out bits from all the fashion-papers;

and, oh dear, how tired I was when  
eight o'clock came and I went home to  
mother again!

Very different were my busy days at  
the Leighs'. I worked in the snug  
sitting-room, while Miss Leigh played,  
Carrie drew, and the mother knitted  
socks for the Captain. Ah, there was  
no pride about them; only good, kind  
hearts and bright looks; and often did  
Mrs. Leigh make some soup or a pud-  
ding which she gave to me, saying: "I  
am sure your mother would like it,  
Nelly; so just run home with it, my  
dear; you can stay longer to-morrow."  
And off I used to run along the road,  
up the steep chalk-cliff, and in at the  
cottage door, disturbing all the little  
ones at their reading and writing.  
Mother looked up, and how her dear  
face brightened when she saw the  
cause of the commotion in the black  
hat and tarian shawl standing in the  
doorway! Then I sat down, and how  
fast the lessons went! Even that stu-  
pid Joe Hawkins did finally master  
"twice two are four." The eight-day  
clock in the corner struck; little legs  
and feet scrambled about for hats and  
caps, and out they all ran, leaving the  
cottage at last to mother and me. The  
joy of those early home-comings! I  
was there to get the tea ready, and  
mother's eyes followed me all round  
the room to the cupboard, where the  
cups lived, back to the table, then away  
again for the tea-pot. O dear, old days  
of long ago!

I wonder would you like to hear  
what our cottage was like? Nothing  
pretty or romantic, not a bit of it.  
Just a little long, low cottage, with  
two windows on one side of the door  
and one on the other, and the sloping  
tiled roof; the walls were tarred black.  
"Very ugly," you are saying; perhaps  
so, only I didn't think it when I used  
to see the curl of the smoke from the  
chimney, the dark red tiles of the roof,  
the black walls, the bright glass of the  
windows, the leaves and flowers of the  
few poor plants, and the flicker of the  
fire looking at me, as tired from my  
day's work, my eyes lighted on it as I  
came up the cliff. "Dying, ugly place!"  
Yes, I dare say; but it was my home,  
and I loved it.

When the spring came there was a  
good deal to do at Sea View. Carrie  
was going away on a visit to her aunt,  
the Captain's sister, who had no chil-  
dren of her own, and who might, per-  
haps, one of these days, add her help  
to Carrie's wedding portion. None of  
the Leighs had ever suggested this  
thought to me, but they often said how  
rich Aunt Mary was, and as she had no  
children of her own, I built up a lit-  
tle romance in my imagination, in which  
she was to adopt Carrie and give her  
all her money, so that she might marry  
a penniless Jack Lambert I had heard  
of, and—live happily ever afterward.  
I worked with a real delight to turn  
Carrie out as well as possible, and be-  
tween us we coaxed the Captain out of  
a five-pound note, had a great envelope  
of patterns from Franthorpe, and later  
a big brown-paper parcel containing  
the prettiest dress material you ever  
saw. I even went to Mrs. Abby's and  
borrowed the very latest fashion-book,  
"for myself," of course I would not  
say it was for the Captain's daughter.  
We made the dress, and it looked lov-  
ely, and Carrie prettier than ever, if pos-  
sible, in it. Just in the middle of all  
this business, when we were working  
hard all day, a letter arrived saying  
that Ned, the Captain's son, was com-  
ing back. He had been at sea when  
mother and I arrived at the cottage, so  
I had never seen him, and had a great  
curiosity to behold this "sailor boy" of  
whom I had heard so much.

The letter was sent off from Malta,  
so he might soon be expected home.  
What preparations they made for his  
return! He was the only son, and you  
can well imagine how fond and how  
proud both the Captain and his wife  
were of him.

"The 'bunk' (for so the Captain  
had christened the room Ned was to  
have) was fresh papered; loving hands  
worked all kinds of pretty things, from  
slippers upward, (they were made, and  
placed ready for use when he should  
arrive); Carrie painted a big card-  
board flag to look like a Union Jack,  
and in gold letters wrote a huge "Wel-  
come" on it, which she hung up in the  
little hall; and the whole family lived  
in constant expectation of Ned's home-  
coming.

How the wild waves beat against the  
cliff; how the wind sighed and moaned  
as we sat there in the cheerful sit-  
ting-room at Sea View! Carrie was  
going to-morrow, and there was still a  
lot to do; so I had asked mother to  
let me stay there until Guy Weeks, the  
old fisherman, should pass the Cap-  
tain's on his way home late that night;  
and he was to call for me and see me  
safe to the cottage door.

My needle was flying along, as if  
spurning the snowy muslin under it,  
and Norah was making the button-  
holes on Carrie's new bodice, when the  
bell rang.

Out they flocked into the tiny hall,  
glad loving voices were lifted in greet-  
ing; and a few moments later they all  
came back into the sitting-room, bring-  
ing with them Ned—curly-headed,

brown-haired, sun-burned Ned. How  
handsome he looked as he stood there;  
his pilot-jacket buttoned over his chest,  
and the little cap perched a wee bit on  
one side of his bonnie head!

"Nellie, this is our Ned."  
"Isn't he a darling?"  
"There, Nellie, that's something like  
a young salt."

"My dear old Ned, how glad I am  
to get you home again!"

How many more loving words and  
looks and greetings! And as he stood  
there, with one hand on the Captain's  
shoulder and the other round his  
mother's waist, who could doubt him?  
He looked so well worthy of all their  
loving worship.

"Come and see your room, Ned,"  
cried Carrie.

"Did you see the big flag, my boy?"  
inquired Mrs. Leigh.

"Come along, Ned; come along!"  
And Carrie put her arm through his,  
and dragged him, half unwillingly, up  
stairs.

Then they had a private hugging  
and kissing outside the door again; I  
heard them; and then up went Ned,  
two stairs at a time, and Carrie after  
him.

"What do you think of him, Nelly?"  
I said something stupid, I suppose.  
How foolish I was! I absolutely felt  
left out in the cold, with all this wel-  
coming and loving going on around  
me.

Norah evidently thought my praise  
constrained and cold, for she laughed  
and said, "O, Nelly, I am sure you are  
jealous at not having him for a brother  
yourself!"

Presently Carrie and Ned came  
down; he, glorious in the new slippers  
I had helped to make. Yes, I had  
helped, though that was a secret be-  
tween Carrie and me; for she had got  
the wools all wrong, and I helped her  
unpick the pattern and set it right  
again.

So he sat there and told them of all  
he had done, of where he had been, of  
the queer sights and sounds of the far-  
off lands; and when old Guy Weeks  
called for me, Ned and the Captain had  
begun singing a lot of old sea-songs;  
and as I closed the door the last thing  
I heard was something about "little  
Billy!" And I went with the old fish-  
erman out into the dark tempestuous  
night, with the refrain of "little Billy!"  
ringing in my ears.

Mother was anxious enough when I  
reached the cottage, and took many a  
good look at me to assure herself that  
there was none of me blown away by  
the rain.

"Come in a minute, Guy, won't you?"  
"No, I thank you, missis; it be main  
tempting, but I'll just go on home."  
"Well, thank you for bringing Nelly;  
good-night."

"Good-night, neighbor."  
We heard the plash, plash of the  
old man's boots as he tramped on in  
the wet mud. Mother took off my hat  
and cloak and gave me a cup of tea;  
then she sat down on the other side of  
the fire to hear the news.

"Is the Captain's son come, Nelly?"  
Mother had asked this question ev-  
ery night for a week past.

"Yes, mother, he came this evening."  
"What is he like, dear?"  
"Oh, big and brown, curly-haired  
and sun-burned."

"That's a queer description, Nell."  
"Well, mother, it's true."  
"Weren't they glad to see him? I  
can just imagine it."

"They hugged him and kissed him  
enough, any way."

"One would think you had no one to  
hug and kiss you, Nell, from the way  
in which you talk."

Dear me, what a cross-grained crab-  
bed girl I was, to be sure! What could  
it signify to me if they had all gone on  
kissing Ned from now till next Sunday  
night?

"What did he talk about, child?"  
"He told them a lot of stories about  
whales and sharks and black people,  
and palm trees with dates on them—  
ever such a lot of stories; only I was  
busy working, you know, and they  
took no notice of me. Then he and  
the Captain began to sing, and they  
were still in the midst of it all when  
old Guy came for me."

Carrie did not go to her aunt's the  
next day; she wrote her a letter in-  
stead, telling her of Ned's return, and  
saying she could not leave him just  
yet; mentioning all the little presents  
his boxes were found to contain, and  
ending with a flaming description of  
their magnificent dinner.

I went up there every day to work,  
and the days seemed very short in  
spite of Carrie's and Ned's mischiev-  
ous pranks. They were always teas-  
ing and tormenting some one, and my  
seissors and cottons took to living in  
curtains, under sofa-cushions, and all  
kinds of odd places.

Then Ned would often on wet days  
fetch out some amusing book from his  
father's den, and read to us as we all  
sat at work.

Sometimes we would laugh at Harry  
Lorrequer, sympathize with Snar-  
leyow, or get what that ridiculous Car-  
rie called "Willkie Collins creeps" over  
the "Moonstone."

He had a trick of settling himself

in a folding chair near the table I  
worked by, and now and again he  
would look up at me, his brown eyes  
twinkling with mischief or melting  
with tenderness, as the case might be.  
I told you how good and kind all the  
Leighs were to me, how they remem-  
bered that I had not been born to  
such a lowly sphere as the one I now  
occupied; so they never treated me  
like they would have done an ordinary  
seamstress, but used to let me sit in  
the room with them, and get my meals  
there instead of in the kitchen with  
the servants. I suppose they told  
Ned my poor little story; or else it  
was his own innate delicacy that made  
him always affect not to know that I  
was paid for my work, and to treat me  
with just the same consideration that  
he showed Norah and Carrie.

I was so grateful to him for his lit-  
tle kindness, so proud and happy when  
sometimes he would walk up the cliff  
part of the way home with me, that I  
forgot that I was now only a poor  
work girl, and let my heart secretly  
thank him for the new brightness he  
had brought into my life.

How he used to laugh at our dress  
discussions at Sea View, and give us  
the most ludicrous suggestions for fe-  
male attire! He would dress himself  
in a skirt of Carrie's, a jacket of No-  
rah's, and any one of his hat—sometimes  
mine—and, entering the room with  
dignity, ask who we thought him like.  
Ah, childish nonsense; but how we  
delighted in it all!

The winter was come, and still Ned  
stayed on, though his leave was get-  
ting very short. The tears were now  
coming in Mrs. Leigh's eyes now when  
his departure was spoken of; so, though  
no one could help thinking of his  
going, no one mentioned the sub-  
ject.

I thought on one or two occasions  
Carrie's bright eyes fixed themselves  
on me in an inquiring manner that  
winter; once or twice she made queer  
little remarks about her brother, which  
I, fearful of showing the great love in  
my heart, always wilfully misunder-  
stood.

It was quite true—deny it how I  
would—in my heart, quite deep down,  
lived the image of Ned, dear, kind,  
gentle Ned, who had never asked my  
love—how could he? I was only a  
poor seamstress—but to whom I had  
given it all—passionate, deep, agoniz-  
ing love, whose wild aching half fright-  
ened me.

At last it came; how we had all  
dreaded it! It came: Ned's recall.  
The old Captain gave a little short,  
sharp laugh. "To work, work, Sir!  
Do you suppose her Majesty keeps a  
great strong fellow like you to read to  
a parcel of women-folk, and dress up  
in their petticoats?" Then he walked  
to the window, took a pinch of snuff,  
and used his handkerchief more en-  
ergetically than usual. I thought.

Carrie ran up to Ned, and hid her  
wet eyes in his neck; Norah poured  
out the hot water instead of the tea;  
Mrs. Leigh—ah, I shall not say what  
she did; you who have no Neds would  
only call her a foolish old woman. Of  
course it was no business of mine,  
none in the least; I had no right to  
feel the tiniest atom moved; but my  
heart seemed to die away in me, and  
then—oh, then—I went on cutting  
the bread and butter.

If you could have seen them all dur-  
ing the day, each bearing up for the  
other's sake, and each longing to be  
alone and take off his mask of gayety.  
In the afternoon somehow they went  
off one by one; just stole out of the  
room.

Thank God I was alone, too; I  
might breathe freely now; no more  
need to hide it all. The twilight came;  
I could not see to work, and, unheeded,  
the big tears tumbled down on my  
knee. Then, O then, my love, my dar-  
ling, I thought I might never see him  
again; and in fancy I pictured all pos-  
sible and impossible horrors, foolish  
stupid girl that I was; and my hands  
went up to my face, and the stifling  
sobs came, and the big lump in my  
throat, and—O, that I had died!

I don't know how long I had been  
crying like this when my two hands  
were pulled down from my face, and a  
voice said, "Why, what's the matter,  
Nelly? What are you crying for?"  
It was Ned who had come into the  
room and caught me.

There was no good denying it, he  
had heard the sobbing; so, though I  
tried to choke it all back, I could not.  
I could not. He still held my hands;  
"Why, you silly little person, any one  
would think you had a real big trou-  
ble." Ay, so I had Ned, dear.

"Is your mother ill again, Nelly?"  
Can I help you in any way?"

What should I do? It was heaven  
to have him there by me, holding my  
two hands in his firm grasp; and yet  
I could not let him think—O, what  
should I do? Do? Just what I did;  
make an utter fool of myself, and be-  
gin crying again worse than ever.

"Poor little Nelly! There, Nelly,  
don't; tell me all about it. Poor little  
Nell, dear little Nell!" His hand went  
on my shoulder, gently round my  
neck, and Ned's lips just touched my  
hair. Ah, it was killing me; to sit

there and make no sign, with my pul-  
ses throbbing and my heart boiling  
over with love for him!

I jumped up from my chair and ran  
out of the room, up stairs, until I  
reached Carrie's door, where I threw  
myself, panting and aching all over, on  
the door-mat.

The door opened, and a moment  
later Carrie's arms were round me, and  
she had lifted me into the easy-chair  
by the fire-place.

"Why, Nelly, whatever made you  
scamper up here like that? Were you  
frightened of ghosts down below there,  
or had you a headache?"

Silly, good-hearted Carrie! Not a  
headache, dear, but such a weary heart-  
ache.

"It's very silly, Carrie; but you  
know I am nervous sometimes; I am  
sure a storm is coming up, and I feel  
all shaken, and have one of my head-  
aches."

"Lie down on my bed, then, and  
you shall sleep here if you like."

I lay down, and Carrie sat by me  
until the tea-bell rang; then, for I had  
not spoken, she thought I was asleep;  
and as the Captain was the model of  
punctuality, and expected his children  
to be also, she left me and went down.

How the wind raged. It seemed as  
though it would beat in the window  
of Carrie's room! I could not lie there  
any longer. I would just scribble a  
line for her, and, getting my hat and  
shawl on the way, go home; so, softly,  
I went down the stairs and out at the  
door in the wild, threatening night.

The wind eddied round me, and nea-  
rly took me off my feet, and I leaned  
against a low wall to take breath. A  
step came nearer, and the next mo-  
ment Ned appeared.

"Carrie said you had gone home.  
How foolish of you, this wild night!  
You had far better stay till to-morrow."

Ah, was it fate, then? Was I not to  
get away from this man?

"I am quite well now; my headache  
is quite gone; indeed, I can get home."

"Well, Nelly, I shall come too.  
Fancy going out such a night as this.  
There'll be plenty of wrecks to-night,  
and the wreckers will have a busy day  
to-morrow. We are in for a real storm  
and no mistake."

The wind was against us, and try  
how we would we could make little  
progress. All my presentiments came  
back upon me. What if this were our  
last walk, this the last time I should  
see him?

"Trembling again, Nelly? If you  
were a fine lady I should say you were  
hysterical; as you are a sensible girl,  
I believe you are going to be ill."

"No, I am quite well; it's only the  
cold."

More and more the wind blew, keen-  
er and more bitterly as we neared the  
cottage.

"Nearly home now, Nell, and I want  
to tell you something before I leave.  
I must not keep you out here, though.  
May I tell you to-morrow, dear?"  
What's that? A signal of distress!  
Again, again! Run in, child, run in!  
I must go and help, if help be pos-  
sible. To-morrow, Nell, to-morrow!

He almost forced me inside the  
house, put his arm round me, pressed  
kisses on my aching, burning brow,  
turned and ran down the cliff.

"Mother came to the threshold, and  
seeing me tottering, put her dear arms  
about me and pillowed my head on  
her breast.

"You have been walking too fast,  
darling; get your things off. That's  
a shot from some ship in distress.  
Poor things! God have mercy on  
this wild night."

How long we stood there I don't  
know. The storm came on in earnest;  
the sharp claps of thunder and the  
wild flashes of lightning succeeded each  
other; down poured the rain in tor-  
rents. The flashes lit up the distance,  
and there, not far off, we could see  
a ship, and the innumerable black specks  
flitting about, poor things, in agony.

Louder and louder pealed the thun-  
der. I could not rest there, so I broke  
away from mother and rushed down  
the cliff to Sea View. Had Ned not  
said he was going to help? Breath-  
less, mad with love and terror, I reached  
the Captain's house.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## SOME MORE OF THE PRANKS OF POLITICS.

Information reaches us, which we presume is trustworthy, that Superintendent Thomas MacIntire, of the Indiana State school for deaf-mutes, has been removed from office, to take effect at the close of the present school year, some time in June. The removal is said, and we presume truly, to be for political reasons. Thus Indiana follows in the wake of Texas in changing the heads of deaf-mute institutions simply to gratify the caprices of political tricksters.

Truly, it has come to pass that, no matter how well qualified he may be for the position, a superintendent or principal of a deaf-mute school is liable at any time to have his official head "cut off" whenever a party or political ring happens to be seized with a mania for decapitation. Politics and party chicanery have long been, and are fast becoming more so, paramount and education secondary considerations. It matters not how well qualified the head of a deaf-mute school may be, if King Politics or ring intrigue wills to gratify a taste for absolute selfishness, he is immediately brought to the guillotine, the executor's axe is brought to bear in the case, and off goes his head—to make room for another man, whose political proclivities are in keeping with the party in power or who may be in sympathy with the political ring manipulating the sceptre over educational institutions for the deaf and dumb.

It is purely a matter of politics, and the question of prospective good or evil to follow has nothing to do in the premises. This is a wrong principle, and one which, if allowed to continue enlarging as it is at present, will in a few years revolutionize deaf-mute education and bring disgrace upon our boasted free educational system.

It is well for the legislatures of the States to take this matter under consideration, and, wherever necessary to do so to ensure the safety of the proper instruction of the deaf and dumb, enact such laws as will prohibit the growing plan of turning out good managers of deaf-mute schools, for none but political reasons, to instate some other person, for the same reasons, without regard to his qualification for the position. A safe-guard should be placed around our deaf-mute system of education that will prevent its wholesale slaughter for the temporary gratification of political trickery.

The case of Superintendent MacIntire is one worthy of note. For twenty-seven years he has filled the position of manager of the internal affairs of the Indiana Institution with gratifying results for the tax-payers of the "Hoosier State," securing satisfactory achievements in the instruction of the State's deaf and dumb. But politics asserted that it must have a victim, and he is sacrificed to tickle its fancy.

The superintendent or principal of a deaf-mute school should be one perfectly familiar with the language of his pupils, in addition to his being mentally and morally qualified for the position of instructor. He should be prepared to do his own talking with the pupils, independent of the mediumship of his assistants; and when such an officer is once installed, and while he is giving entire satisfaction as regards the best interests of the inmates and the pockets of the tax-payers, politics should not be allowed to remove him, to be replaced by another, who is inferior to him in management.

## THE VISITATION OF BISHOP HUNTINGTON.

Bishop Huntington, of the diocese of Central New York, will hold confirmation services in Grace (Episcopal) Church in this village, at 4 P. M., Wednesday, May 28th. Persons desiring the administration of the rite of confirmation at that time will please be in attendance. The Bishop is so well and favorably known here that a good attendance may be expected.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so: *The Itemizer*.

Mrs. Fuller, of Ottawa, lately visited the inmates of the Kansas Institution.

The Colorado Institution pupils receive a good supply of Sunday-school papers each week.

A pair of fine, gray horses are part of the attachments at the West Virginia Institution.

Five of the pupil composers in the *Tablet of Deaf-Mutes*; the sixth is a semi-mute.

The pupils of the Kansas Institution are all well and "reveling in the delightful weather."

Superintendent MacIntire, of the Indiana Institution, lately spent a day at the Ohio Institution.

Daniel Harsh, a deaf-mute, was run over and killed April 16th, 1879, at York, on the Utah Southern Railroad.

An iron safe, for the secure keeping of records, has been placed in the office of the superintendent of the Ohio Institution.

The new Kansas Institution building is to cost \$11,400; Joseph Anderson has the contract, and it will be finished by November 1st, 1879.

Robert McGregor recently spent a Sunday at Columbus, O., and conducted the morning services very acceptably in the chapel of the Ohio Institution.

The female pupils of the West Virginia Institution are getting "sharp." They take their walking exercise in the cool of the morning and play croquet in the shades of the evening.

Four fish two inches long, and a great amount of sport, were the results of a late 16-mile fishing excursion of the editor of the *Star* and several of the boys of the Kansas Institution.

Miss Jennie Gillem, after a long sojourn at the national capital, has gone back to her home in Knoxville, Tenn., to the great regret of the many friends she had made during her stay there.

Professor Job Turner expresses pleasure at learning that L. N. Austin, of Montrose, Pa., would be pleased to receive a visit from him, and hopes to be able to make the visit sometime next fall.

Principal J. W. Parker, now of the Michigan Institution, has received the appointment of Superintendent of the Kansas Institution, accepted the position, and will assume the responsibility next fall.

Handsome bouquets, from the hands of some of the boys fond of flowers and who love their teachers, are frequently contributed for the school-rooms and other rooms of the Michigan Institution.

The Texas Institution inmates celebrated their regular Easter picnic April 14th. As none of them were on the sick list, every officer, teacher, employe, and pupil participated and enjoyed a magnificent time.

A new pupil came to us a few days ago. His father and mother brought him in a two-horse wagon, and were ten days reaching the Institution. This we construe to be a sincere desire to have their child brought out of darkness into light. We wish every man who has a deaf and dumb child could see this.—*Texas Mute Ranger*.

We hear from good authority that the Emperor of Brazil has established an institution for deaf-mutes in that country. The number of pupils in attendance is very small, owing to the recent introduction of new ideas concerning the education of deaf-mutes. Truly Dom Pedro is one of the most enlightened monarchs this world has ever seen.

The institution papers are finding fault with Superintendent McCulloch for speaking with contempt of a school teacher in his defense. They claim, with some show of truth, that a teacher is better fitted by experience and training to take charge of an institution than ministers, lawyers, or ex-army officers. In this opinion they are sustained by many cases of the kind.

On the 4th inst. a committee of ten—five each from both Houses of the Michigan Legislature—met in the court-house in the city of Flint to inquire into the facts relating to the recent expulsion of certain pupils from the Michigan Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind.

"Come into the parlor," said (not the spider nor anything to be compared thereto, but) the young ladies to the young gentlemen last Saturday evening, which invitation was gladly accepted, and in less than five minutes another of those delightful socials was in full motion. "Fishing" seemed the popular play of the occasion, and many were the hearty laughs at the expense of the hapless fellows who tried again without "catching" anybody.—*Kentucky Deaf-Mute*.

A pantomime exhibition took place at the Ohio Institution in the evening of May 14th. Government and other State officers and a large number of the members of the General Assembly were present. The floral and table decorations were beautiful. The opening exercise was "The Crowning of the Queen of the May." Twenty-two of the younger pupils were upon the stage, and the coronation ceremonies were pleasing and tasteful. There were five graphic and spirited recitations, and the audience was entertained by a comic pantomime entitled "The Ohio Idea," by P. P. Pratt. The "Tom Tom," occupying one hour, was well acted, and the large audience was very pleasantly entertained.

It is reported that McFall, the famous runner of the New York Institution, has been engaged to play in the Independent Base Ball Club during the coming summer, but in what position has not yet been decided, as he will be given a trial when the club is ready for action. Dundan, the pitcher of the club, will go to Washington with Himelepaugh, Ryan and other members of the nine the middle of June for the purpose of practicing with "Red" Sawhill, as catcher, who is at present a student at the deaf-mute college there. Leib, the captain of the nine, and Collins, Sawhill, or, as he is usually called, "Col.," for short, the left fielder, are both staying at the same college with "Red" Sawhill. Already engagements have been made in advance with other clubs. The Clevelanders of the Professional League, have expressed a desire to play the "Inds." in July.

From the *Athens*, Kan., *Daily Champion* of May 21st, we clip the following: A strange but beautiful service was held at Trinity Church last night. It was for the benefit of deaf-mutes and was witnessed by a fair congregation. One of the officiating clergymen, Rev. Mr. Mann, is a deaf-mute, while the other, Rev. Dr. Galland, is a most distinguished benefactor of this unfortunate class, and a son of the good man who first established an institution for deaf-mutes in the United States. What Mr. Mann said with his fingers Mrs. Galland uttered with equal rapidity, impressing all with the priceless value of the system by which those who else had been shut out from the society of their fellow creatures, are now united to it. Dr. Galland founded St. Ann's church for deaf-mutes and their friends in New York, and has since established churches for them in Boston, Baltimore and other places. The joint mission of Dr. Galland and Rev. Mr. Mann is to forward the cause of Christian education for deaf-mutes.

The pupils of the Minnesota Institution are anxious for the 11th of June—vacation.

Four of the directors and their wives recently took tea at the Minnesota Institution.

The Superintendent of the Illinois Institution for Deaf-Mutes recently received a visit from his parents.

Old carpets and coffee sacks furnish material for shoes for the small boys who play base-ball at the Minnesota Institution.

The Governor of Texas has recommended to the Legislature an appropriation of \$20,000 for a printing-office at the deaf-mute institution.

Mr. Weeks conducted religious services for some deaf-mutes at Springfield yesterday, and returned to the Asylum this morning.—*Daily News*, May 19th.

The Minnesota Institution has turned out several first-class workmen, among whom is John Anderson, who graduated three years ago, and who it is said can make 90 barrels a day.

The matron of the Western New York Institution, Rochester, writes to the parents of a little girl there: "Our large family is in very good health now, though some have been sick lately."

"Is it right for the deaf-mute girls to attend the college at Washington?" was recently debated by several of the members of the young ladies' society at the Illinois Institution, and decided in favor of the negative. We presume that ends the "worsted" as far as it pertains to female deaf-mutes attending the National Deaf-Mute College.

Mr. Job Turner writes from Houston, Tex., May 21st: The *Churchman* of the 17th inst. is blowing two trumpets, saying as follows: 1. "Hearing restored—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. John Gamore, Lock box 905, Covington, Ky." 2. "Deafness Relieved without Pain. For particulars address Verry & Harpers, Madison, Ind." What wonderful inventions if true.

Three deaf-mute cooperers in Minneapolis, two of whom are graduates of this Institution, refused recently to join in an extensive "strike" which took place among their fellow workmen. This was a creditable and manly stand for them to take, and they will certainly be gainers by it in the end. Workmen generally lose far more than they gain by striking for higher wages. Usually, after wasting much time and money, they resume work for the same, or even less, wages than they were receiving when the strike began.—*Mutes' Companion*.

The new steps up the bluff to the institution are completed, and make a great improvement in the ease of approach from town. A cozy rustic seat at the foot of the first flight makes a pleasant and welcome resting place. It would hardly have seemed necessary to remind visitors that the railing of these steps was not designed for aspiring youth to immortalize their names by inscriptions with knife or pencil, yet results make it needful to make such disclaimer and further to request said youth hereafter to refrain from any such adornments.—*Mutes' Companion*.

Head-bursting, finger-splitting, nose-smashing "National" game of base-ball is beginning to have a separate column in some of our deaf-mute contemporaries—devoted to accounts of thrilling episodes among the left fielders and first bases and short stops and high old jinks generally. We are glad that this awful game was invented after our retirement from active life. It is on account of the lateness of the invention that we have such a handsome one and a full complement of fingers and front teeth. [The editor of the *Goodson* (Va.) *Gazette*, if we may judge from the above, is level on the base-ball subject.—*En*.]

A deaf-mute named Stephen P. Field, of Falmouth, N. Y., a graduate of the New York Institution, is working this season, on a farm, for Mr. Horace B. Henderson, one mile south of Mexico. Mr. Henderson formerly lived at or near Falmouth, and became acquainted with him there. Mr. Field has a brother and a sister who are deaf-mutes. He began to work for Mr. Henderson on the 1st of April, and until a few days ago, was not aware that such a paper as the *Journal* was published here. Last Sunday he made us a call, and before leaving subscribed for our paper.

W. H. H. Boylan, of Lansing, Mich., has been painting some very fine signs for people in Lansing, and the *Journal* speaks in very high praise of his abilities. "He" has been an A. No. 1 painter, and several cities in this State owe their very useful sign boards to his ingenuity. Miss Mary Elliott, who graduated here several years since, is his wife, and they have one son who seems to inherit all the good qualities of his parents and can hear and speak besides. Taking all together Mr. Boylan is a successful man of his class, and we are glad to note it. We can record the good fortune of old Ann Arbor boys with great delight, and we well remember this one in his early days.—*Mirror*.

At Bethlehem Church (formerly Needmore) we found Wm. D. Hensley, a former pupil of the D. D. and B. Institution of your city, engaged in mercantile pursuits. We learn that about two years ago Mr. Hensley began business with a capital of considerably less than \$100, and that notwithstanding the fact that a fire broke into his store a few months after he began and stole about all he had in cash—more than half he began with—he has so prospered in business that at the present writing he has a fine stock of goods in store, and all paid for, with money to spare. In addition to his store, Mr. H. puts into practice his knowledge of chair-bottoming, learned at the D. D. and B. Institution, and has earned an honest dollar frequently by his trade.—*Spectator*. [Mr. Hensley was formerly a pupil of the Virginia Institution.—*En*.]

The *Kentucky Deaf-Mute* publishes the report of the legislative sub-committee to investigate the management of this Institution, and says, "if true, it goes far toward showing that Mr. Van Nostrand was right in his predictions of the decline of the Institution when he was deposed to make room for the present incumbent." Notwithstanding the predictions of Prof. Van Nostrand, and the combined opposition of nearly the "whole world and the balance of mankind," our Superintendent is still at his post. The pupils have increased from 46 to 68, the property has been greatly improved, and everybody made much more comfortable under his administration; and if the pupils have not been better taught, it is because his brethren of the profession have imposed upon him by sending him incompetent or inefficient teachers.—*Texas Mute Ranger*.

To the compliments of Rev. Alf. Belanger, P. S. V., we are indebted for a copy of the annual report of the Catholic Male Institution, for the year 1878, of which Mr. Belanger is director. During the year the institution had 74 pupils, 19 of whom had left, leaving 61 present at the date of the report. The income for the maintenance of the institution is \$20,000 Government subsidy, \$15,150; receipts from boarders, \$900; donations from the savings bank, \$200. The report states that there is an absolute insufficiency of accommodation at the institution, and that from a hygienic point it is in a deplorable state. Among other distinguished visitors during the year were Lady Dufferin and her two children. All the visitors appeared pleased with the progress of the pupils. This institution received a Prize Medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1878 for the classical productions of its pupils.

The roads about the Minnesota Institution grounds have recently been improved.

A Western New York correspondent writes: "I notice the wrappers on the *Journal* every week, hoping to see Mrs. Chandler's familiar hand writing. I am sorry to learn that she is sick."

ELSEWHERE is published a very interesting and instructive communication headed "Among Eastern Deaf-Mutes," being the second article from the pen of the venerable editor of the *Anaconda* (Ja.) *Evening*, who is a semi-mute and a graduate of the American Asylum. We hope we shall often be favored with contributions from him, which, we doubt not, is the sentiment generally entertained by our readers.

Edwin R. Negus and Henrietta Moores, both deaf-mutes, and former pupils of the Asylum, were married yesterday afternoon by and at the residence of Rev. W. W. Turner, formerly Principal of the Asylum. The ceremony was witnessed by a number of deaf-mute friends. Among the wedding presents was a valuable Bible from Rev. Mr. Turner. Mr. Negus is a successful shoemaker in Hartford, and will return to this city to reside, after a brief visit at New York with his bride.—*Daily News*, May 21st.

A lady of East Salisbury, Mass., under date of May 25th, writes: "Enclosed find one dollar, which is for eight months' subscription to your paper. Mr. R. H. Atwood, of Newburyport, came over on foot to-day, and conducted the services. His remarks never fail to be interesting and instructive. He gives us a service here once a month. He was in Amesbury last Sunday, on which occasion one of us was present from this village. East Salisbury is two miles from Newburyport, and it is four miles from here to Amesbury."

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

AUSTIN, TEX., May 19, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—At the time of my writing this I am a guest of General Henry E. McCulloch, the superintendent of this institution. He and Mr. Alfred Kearny would have met me at the depot, and brought me here in the institution buggy, but I arrived one day sooner than I had thought. It was purely providential. I needed rest so much then.

I bade good-bye to Superintendent Hammond and his State family at Little Rock, Ark., last Thursday morning at 3 o'clock, and arrived here the next morning at 9:15, one day sooner than I conjectured. We had a fine time railroading over several vast oceans of grass, on which were seen grazing very large droves of wild cattle and horses, the breezes being pleasant, like spring, and the sky being blue without any clouds. We, the male passengers, most of us, took off our coats and boots for the sake of getting cool, our car doors and windows being all open. We enjoyed the balmy weather, and some of us had long and sweet naps often. Our iron horses had to whistle to frighten the cattle and horses off the track, which made them run wild in all directions. An amusing sight it was to us, tedious as was our journey. The country over which we traveled from Longview to this place is beautiful, especially at Taylor. I think the country about Taylor would be the right place for a good deaf-mute colony or confederacy, which the late L. I. Flourney, the deaf-mute gentleman of Georgia, never got tired of advocating till his death, which occurred last February. I would earnestly be in favor of its establishment with speaking relatives. The Texas Government would, I believe, be glad to grant land to such industrious and enterprising deaf-mute emigrants as would take up their residence in this State. I am, however, not well acquainted with the laws of Texas concerning emigrants. I would advise all the old deaf-mutes to stay where they are, if they are doing well, and have good friends about them to take care of them in their declining age. We stopped at Taylor for breakfast, and ate a good breakfast, which pleased our dry palates, in a hut, only boarded up, looking like a blacksmith's shop. After breakfast I asked the landlord what they asked for the fine land about the hut, and he said "from three to six dollars per acre." I was told on the train that they asked much less from three to upwards from the railroad. I am informed that this government will give land to permanent settlers for nothing! I am and have been surprised to notice fine towns building up in different parts of this State. The northern part of this State has a better soil and a more salubrious climate than the southern part.

Since my arrival my sojourn has been made pleasant by General McCulloch, the superintendent, his family, and Messrs. Kearny and Lister, both deaf-mute teachers. At the request of the superintendent I conducted two divine services in the chapel of this institution. He says he wishes I could stay with him some time longer, but I am obliged to go to my duties in other places, which he regrets.

During my stay everything has been going as smoothly as if nothing had happened. The superintendent is well known to have lived a military life almost all his time. No wonder he is habitually a strict disciplinarian, and will require his pupils to observe all the regulations which he has thought proper to make for their good. He is to this institution, as a superintendent, what Dr. Porter is to the New York Institution, and Mr. Holmes to the Pennsylvania. They do not teach at all, but take charge of their domestic departments.

I regretted to miss Prof. I. R. Dobyns and Miss Vance from this institution, the former having taken charge of the educational department. I hope he may be reinstated if everything is properly settled. Mrs. Vance is a nice speaking lady, and can make signs well. She would be a good addition to any other deaf-mute school if her place should be asked for.

General McCulloch's brother, General Benjamin McCulloch, is well known throughout the United States as having fought many well-pitched

battles with the Mexicans and Indians for the independence of Texas. To his great bravery is the independence and prosperity of this "Lone Star State" due.

For the information of his friends, I will say that Prof. I. R. Dobyns has left this institution and is living in the city. He is a clerk under the Texas Government for the present. He desires to be kindly remembered to his friends. He says he still likes to teach the deaf-mutes, and would be glad to teach again.

Last Saturday I paid my respects to his Excellency Governor Roberts, a nice old gentleman, and he said he was very glad to welcome me to his State—Texas. He said he weighed about 160 pounds, and his predecessor at 300. He told me that this State is at peace with the Mexicans and Indians, and that if any disturbance should take place he would send the State soldiers, at a moment's warning, to put it down.

In Cameron county, Tex., a Mexican, who was, the other day, bitten by a rattlesnake, was getting well at last accounts. Pitegnat's antidote saved his life, as it has several others. What a great wonder if true.

A lawyer somewhere in Texas has such a hatred for dogs that he makes a business of killing them with rocks. What a strange fellow on account of his dignified profession.

Now that I last year wrote much about my first visit to Texas, I need not repeat any more, except that they are selling roasting ears of corn, large and ripe cucumbers, peaches, plums, etc. Mr. Kearny, the teacher, has kindly attended to my wants. He is a cousin of the late General Kearny, who explored the western part of the United States to the Pacific Ocean before the California gold fever broke out.

It is bed time, which requires me to stop writing this. I shall start for Houston, Tex., to-morrow morning and reach there the next morning.

Yours sincerely,  
JOB TURNER.

## DEAF-MUTES SPEAKING IN PUBLIC.

[New York Times of May 16.]

A most interesting public exhibition by the pupils of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes was given last evening at Standard Hall, Broadway and Forty-second street. The exercises were designed to illustrate the method of instruction by articulation, and also reading from the lips, by which the eye is made to perform the function of the ear. The various classes of the school were examined in succession, and exhibited their proficiency in spelling, arithmetic, penmanship, history, geography, drawing, &c. The manner in which the pupils interpret language by reading from the speaker's lips was very strikingly illustrated. When the Principal, Mr. D. Greenberger, and the President, Dr. M. Blumenthal, asked questions in inaudible whispers, the pupils understood them immediately, readily answering them audibly, the articulation in the cases of some of the pupils being singularly distinct and perfect. All the pupils, from those in the lowest classes to the higher grade pupils, evinced a proficiency in penmanship that was really remarkable. The exhibition was brought to a close by the examination of the highest class students in general history. The institution is now teaching 115 pupils, and is obliged to turn away many applicants for want of accommodations. The Trustees, however, hope to be able soon to obtain the means to erect a proper school-house. The building fund now amounts to about \$38,375.

## THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

[From the *Pulaski Democrat* of May 22.]

"Stephen Sinclair, a deaf-mute residing in Mexico, is gaining quite a local reputation as a runner in races of 100 yards. When he has outrun all the Mexicans, let him try any one of the fleet footed gentry of Pulaski and we will show him a thing or two about running that he never dreamed of."

The writer of the above must be wonderfully wise to say that in case of a 100-yards' race between me and one of the swiftest runners of Pulaski he would show me a thing or two about running that I never dreamed of. He seems to take me for a greenhorn, and to think that hearing persons can always beat deaf-mutes in running and other athletic sports, which is a great mistake. There are two deaf-mutes, now attending school at the New York Deaf and Dumb Institution, who can and have repeatedly run 100 yards in 10 seconds, which feat is excelled by very few of the opposite class. I have seen and know more about athletics than he. I have never heard of any man in Pulaski having run 100 yards in even 11 seconds, and I doubt if that town can boast of any men that can run 100 yards in less than 12 seconds, and when I am in condition I will try any of the fleetest runners of Pulaski if it can boast of any.

STEPHEN SINCLAIR.  
Mexico, N. Y. May 28, 1879.

## "BIG INJUN."

SEATTLE, W. T., May 9, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I take the pleasure to write you a few lines concerning this town. This town has a population of 4,000, mostly coal miners. Among them is a deaf-mute man, Jas. Kelly, who was educated in Ireland.

There are three deaf-mute girls in this town. They are all pupils at Salem, Or. The school was closed on the 3d of May, and the vacation will continue till the first Wednesday of September. There are three boys and

ten girls in the school. Mr. Tuck, a deaf-mute, is the principal.

Last night I arrived here from San Francisco, on my way to Victoria, B. C. This morning I met a great traveler by the name of John Breen, who was educated in Philadelphia, Pa., and at the National Deaf-Mute College. He talked to me concerning the Indians. While he was walking on the road, from Snohomish City here, he met two rough-looking Indians. They demanded his money. He replied "I have no money in my pockets." He perceived one of them in the act of drawing a large knife. Mr. Breen suddenly turned back, and then ran as fast as he could. The Indians chased him, but they were exhausted. Mr. Breen came near being murdered. He will sail for Sitka, Alaska, to-morrow.

I shall be very glad to read your paper when I go home. I did not read two papers, but I hope my wife is delighted with them. I will be a subscriber of your paper till death, because it is the best deaf-mute paper in the world.

R. W.

## THE SUMMER NORMAL SCHOOL.

Arrangements have been made for holding this year a SUMMER NORMAL SCHOOL for INSTRUCTORS OF THE DEAF and DUMB in West Virginia Institution for Deaf-Mutes and Blind, at Romney, West Virginia, provided thirty or more persons signify their intention to become members of the school.

John C. Covell, M. A., Principal of the West Virginia Institution, will have charge of the school, as Principal; and to him all communications should be addressed.

The sessions of the school will continue two weeks, beginning on Monday, July 7, at 8:30 o'clock A. M.

Those intending to become members of the school will be expected to arrive at Romney on Saturday, July 5th.

From six to ten teachers will give instruction, embracing the methods that employ speech, as well as those that make use of signs and the manual alphabet.

The charge for board will be five dollars per week, and the fee for tuition will not exceed ten dollars; how much below this sum it may be reduced will depend on the number in attendance.

No pains will be spared to make the exercises interesting and valuable, and expenses will be kept at the lowest possible point. Efforts will be made to secure transportation at reduced rates.

A circular, giving full details, will be issued by Mr. Covell as soon as definite arrangements as to instructors, topics, etc., can be concluded. In the meantime, it will be desirable that those who have practically decided to attend the school should acquaint the Principal with their purpose without delay.

From personal acquaintance with Romney and the surrounding country the undersigned is able to say that few, if any, more desirable locations for a Summer Normal School could be found than the West Virginia Institution.

The climate of the hill country of Virginia is justly famed for its salubrity, and in the approach to Romney one meets with scenery that constantly suggests Switzerland and the Green Mountains of New England.

Those who have experienced Virginia hospitality need no assurance that the members of the Summer Normal School will be well entertained.

Green Spring Run Station, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, a short distance east of Cumberland, Maryland, is the point at which one leaves the railroad in going to Romney; and as trains from both directions pass this point about the middle of the day, the stage ride of sixteen miles is not only made without inconvenience, but forms a very agreeable feature of the journey.

Principals and Superintendents of Institutions, to whom copies are sent, are requested to give them as wide a circulation among their teachers as possible.

In behalf of the Executive Committee of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb.

EDWARD M. GALLAUDET,  
Chairman.

## A PEN WORTH RECOMMENDING.

We have been favored with samples of the celebrated Spencerian Double Elastic Steel Pens, and after trying them feel justified in highly commending them to our readers. They are made of the best steel, and by the most expert workmen in Europe, and have a national reputation for certain desirable qualities which no other pens seem to have attained in so great perfection, among which are uniform evenness of point, durability, flexibility, and quill action. It is thus quite natural that the Spencerian should be preferred and used by professional penmen, in business colleges, counting-rooms, government offices, public schools, and largely throughout the country. Indeed, so popular have they become, that of the "Number One" alone, as many as eight millions are sold annually.

The Spencerian Pens may be had, as a rule, from any dealer; but when not thus obtainable, the proprietors, Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., the well-known publishers, 138 & 140 Grand Street, New York, will send for trial, samples of each of the twenty numbers on receipt of twenty-five cents.

A McClure & Co., of Albany, N. Y., says: "We have paid Dr. Kennedy \$2,208.75 during the past four months for Favorite Remedy, and we have on every reason to believe it is a most valuable medicine." March 12, 1878.

## Local Paragraphs.

Theodore Green is recovering from his sickness.

L. W. Robinson was at home over last Sunday.

Huntington Guards turned out for a drill again last Monday night.

Three heavy frosts paid their respects to this vicinity last week.

James Sherman's street sprinkling gives his patrons good satisfaction.

See notice in another column of Bishop Huntington's Mexico services.

Mrs. Alton, of Sandy Creek, made a short visit at J. C. Taylor's last week.

B. S. Stone recently made a visit to his son, Walter, the proprietor of the Camden (N. Y.) *Advance*.

A heifer belonging to Stratton Kilham was run over by the cars west of this village last Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Chandler, of Oswego, spent part of last week in town visiting at Mrs. L. H. Conklin's.

Lewis Miller and a large class under his instruction are preparing to give a concert sometime in the month of July.

A good substantial street fence, for the convenience of oneself and the gratification of our friends, is being erected in front of our dwelling.

Miss Etta Omans lately returned from Iowa, where she has



## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

### AMONG EASTERN DEAF-MUTES.

NO. II.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Some weeks ago you published a communication from me under the above head. To avoid making it too lengthy I omitted some matters which, with your permission, I now propose to supply.

And, first, let me set right a seeming mistake in that communication. I stated that of all the Hartford teachers of fifty years ago not one remains in service. I should have been more explicit and said from May, 1828, when I entered school.

Mr. Bartlett commenced some months later on the retirement of Elizur T. Washburn. The last was brother-in-law of H. N. Brinsmade, and was an excellent man, a fine sign-maker and a faithful teacher. He retired, owing to trouble in the lungs, much to the regret of the pupils, and entered as chaplain or teacher of midshipmen on a United States war vessel, sailed for Cuba, Mexico and elsewhere, and died within a year, I believe. His disease was consumption.

D. E. Bartlett, his successor, was secured by Rev. T. H. Gallaudet in a way quite interesting. Mr. Bartlett had just graduated at Yale and was contemplating going south to teach school. Mr. Gallaudet then appeared in New Haven, sought him out and offered him the position of teacher. Mr. B. had, from seeing the rather uncount signs and grimaces of deaf-mute boys in the streets of Hartford, acquired a dislike to a position such as was now offered him. He did not accept, and, next, Mr. Gallaudet met him at the home of his father in Windsor, and again at a social party in Hartford, plied him on each occasion with arguments, and finally obtained his consent. It would be well if principals would take as much pains as he did to obtain really fit men. Mr. Bartlett soon became a favorite among the pupils. His hearty, breezy and honest nature was inspiring. Over twenty years ago he was leading a class in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and I tried to induce him to come to Iowa and start a school for the Iowa mutes. He declined, much to my regret, for I knew of no other teacher so well fitted for the work.

In my recent visit in Hartford I was in the girls' parlor in the American Asylum one evening as the retiring hour arrived. The lady teacher in charge gave a signal and the girls formed in an oblong hollow square, the length of the room. I did not dream of the object, and waited in some suspense. The lady then took a position in one of the lines and slowly and gracefully commenced the Lord's Prayer. With the same slow grace every hand and arm moved in unison, the eyes and earnest faces of the girls in the front line and at the two ends being towards the teacher, and those on the opposite side towards those in front. It was to me a perfect novelty, exceedingly beautiful, and reminded me powerfully of Mrs. Hemans' "Evening Prayer at a Girls' School." The poem may be found in her works, but it may be well to remind the reader that the tincture of melancholy pervading it was the style of half a century ago rather than of the present time.

I next went into the boys' study-room. Mr. Bird was in charge for the evening. As the retiring hour arrived he mounted the platform, the latter a few inches high, and made the usual evening prayer, the boys standing promiscuously around. That done, Mr. Bird and several of the boys asked me if I would like to go to the Play House. The Play House! The idea of a play house for the pupils had never entered my head, or only as one of the possibilities of the future. Some thirty of the boys put on their hats and went out. Mr. Bird took my arm and guided me through the darkness to a building in the rear of all the others. We ascended a flight of stairs and were in the drill room of the Asylum Cadets. It was a revelation! A company of deaf-mute warriors! On one side of the room stood the drummer, and on the other was the line of cadets, unarméd, but standing upright, steady and attentive, turning their heads no more than was necessary to keep their eyes on the captain. The latter was a young hearing man and familiar with military tactics. He carried a sword, brief and emphatic, on his fingers. Obedience was prompt and at the end of the word. The boys formed in ranks, wheeled in line again, turned right and left and, in short, went through the various evolutions seen in any well-officer military company or regiment. The step was regulated by the drum, readily heard or felt by most, if not all, deaf persons. Besides the perfect accuracy of the movements, the soldierly bearing and the rigid intension in the faces of the boys were very noticeable. Their eyes were never off the commander unless he was, for a moment, in the rear, and yet they did not seem to once turn their heads. I notice, since this visit, that one of the city companies has been competing with the Asylum Cadets in the play room of the latter.

While talking with Mr. Turner, on whom I called for a few minutes, he informed me that of the fifty-five who graduated at Yale College with him in 1819 only three remain alive; also that of the original corporators of the asylum, over sixty years ago, there remains but one, now over eighty years old and occasionally met on the streets of Hartford. I may be in error in the first name, but I think Mr. Turner said it was Moses Beach.

Since commencing this letter I noticed in the papers the death of Horatio N. Brinsmade. He was brother-in-law of Elizur T. Washburn, already mentioned, and more closely related to Harvey P. Peet if I am not mistaken. The two last named were excellent and successful teachers. Mr. Brinsmade was, otherwise, a good man, but having no relish for the work of teaching and feeling little or no interest in his pupils. He was what has been conveniently called "constitutionally tired." On the advent of Lewis Weld as principal he retired, and passed the balance of his life in the ministry. In this he appeared to have been successful. He was not born for a teacher of deaf-mutes, and his death leaves W. W. Turner the sole survivor of the original teachers from 1817 down to May, 1828. These were eleven in all, including William C. Woodbridge and Mr. Orr, who had resigned on account of ill health, and Lewis Weld, who, at the latter date, was principal of the Philadelphia institution.

As the *Annals* was not in existence when Messrs. Woodbridge and Orr died, I may be excused for saying something of them.

Mr. Woodbridge was slightly below medium height, of full form and active temperament. He was not a man to be idle. In fact he was one of those restless natures whose abundant energies must always be driving at something. After leaving the asylum he published Woodbridge's Geography, which soon became the most used of any in the public schools. Next he was editor of the *American Annals of Education* and conducted it most ably.

Mr. Orr was tall and slim built. With Mr. Woodbridge I was well acquainted, but with Mr. Orr only slightly. His temperament was highly nervous and his signs deliberate, but jerky. His hands and arms moved as though he lacked oil in his joints. At one time, after leaving the asylum, he conducted a weekly newspaper in Washington called the *Washington Spectator*. It lived less than a year, and I never learned what became of him afterwards. One day he was in the school-room where I was a pupil, and took the place of Mr. Turner, our teacher, for a half hour. Before retiring he took out his snuff-box, took a pinch, and handed the box to Mr. Turner, who also partook of the article offered. As soon as the former was gone one of the more impulsive boys, Edward W. Denny, accused Mr. Turner of taking snuff. Mr. T. had a dislike of taking tobacco in all its forms, and replied in a good-natured way that he took it only so as not to insult the gentleman.

Perhaps I had better say something on a rather delicate point. Attending the meetings of mutes at Amherst, N. H., and in Boston, I found that mutes are no exception to the rule among hearing speakers. There is a variety. Some in the use of signs are clear and distinct, some use signs and half spell words as though the audience were all seated within two or three feet; and here and there one is prone to wild extravagance of manner. It should be remembered by those who take the platform that the main thing is to convey an idea or knowledge of a fact, and that the audience is, for the most part, at a distance of ten, twenty, thirty, or more feet. On one occasion, in Boston, an officer of the society was giving his report or making a long statement regarding society affairs. He was unaccustomed, so I judged, to address a meeting. His signs were such as he would use in private conversation, with the person addressed close by him, these signs being of very limited scope, many of them half formed, and often the words he spelled were but fragments of words, giving the impression that his fingers were pinners cutting the words short after the first letter or in the middle. At twenty feet away it was very difficult to understand him, and general carelessness and talking was the result, where one with clear and distinct signs, and equally clear and deliberate spelling, would have secured attention. The two extremes, extravagance of signs and gestures on the one hand, and indistinctness on the other, should be avoided. I hope no one will imagine that I am disposed to find fault or scold. I am writing in all kindness, and enjoyed my visit among eastern mutes too well to feel otherwise.

I see that some of the students at the National Deaf-Mute College desire that its name be changed. The present name, it appears to me, is the most suitable. Take away the word *National*, and as members of Congress go out every two years and new men take their places, the inquiry will constantly come up: "Why appropriate money for this or any college?" The next words, *Deaf-Mute*, are also proper, as they indicate a distinct class of the human family, and who must have existence until the catalogue of diseases that afflict man is greatly diminished or ceased altogether. There is no good reason for sensitiveness on the subject. Deafness is inconvenient often and so are all physical defects. The remedy is to take it easy and make the best of circumstances.

A visit to this college was what I had long desired and which I enjoyed particularly, early in December. I found President Gallaudet, whom I had never before seen save in his cradle, a little over forty years ago, a man with all the kindly intelligence and ready tact of his father and of more robust health, inherited from his mother. Added to this is a mental, moral and physical magnetism that makes itself felt, and is always valuable in the head of a public institution or a great enterprise. There is also a fine corps of professors and teachers, men selected for their special fitness

for the work in hand. Long ago, when a pupil at Hartford, I sometimes looked at Trinity College, on the further side of Little River, and asked myself why a college for mutes could not be established; and the sad answer always came—because advanced pupils in the institutions are too few. The advanced pupils of to-day are numerous. Let them seize on and improve their opportunity. They will not regret it. They may not all become teachers, but, being more intelligent, the probabilities are strong that they will enjoy life more. Ignorance has few pleasures, and these usually are of the coarsest kind. The opportunity for a college education should not be thrown away, for it never comes again. In a brief time the number of graduates from this college will count by hundreds, and how pleasant to hold a re-union in Washington once every five or ten years!

E. BOOTH.

### SOME OF REVS. T. GALLAUDET'S AND A. W. MANN'S WESTERN CHURCH SERVICES.

KANSAS CITY, MO., May 23, 1879.

DEAR JOURNAL:—In my last letter I spoke of the service at Rock Island, Ill. The next day was rainy throughout, yet the service in the cathedral at Davenport, Ia., was well attended. Bishop Perry and several of the clergy and faculty of Griswold College were present.

Early the next day we boarded the train for Des Moines, arriving at a little after two o'clock in the afternoon. We dined at Grinnell, on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. Shortly after the train had started we found a lady on board, with her father, going to the service. The writer had the pleasure of a conversation with her during the rest of the journey. Joseph Cook, the famous lecturer, was also on the train bound for the same place. The writer had an introduction to him.

The service in Des Moines was at St. Paul's Church, Rev. Mr. Jenckes, rector, and was well attended by those specially interested and by hearing people. Before the service a pleasant ride through the streets was had with him.

Leaving Des Moines at three o'clock in the morning, we reached Council Bluffs at nine o'clock. At the station Superintendent Folsom and Instructor Simpson, of the institution, the Rev. Mr. Webb, of St. Paul's Church, and the writer's youngest brother, from Corning, Ia., were waiting for us. All, with the exception of Mr. Webb, rode over to the institution, three miles away. Before and after dinner several classes were visited. At the close of the school, about two o'clock P. M., the pupils went to the chapel, where Dr. Gallaudet addressed them for at least an hour.

The special service in the evening at the church was well attended. Among those present was Mr. Talbot, the former superintendent of the institution. After the service the writer was introduced to several persons, among them Mrs. Bloomer, the originator of the "Bloomer costume," who has her home near the church.

Saturday was pleasantly spent in the city. In the evening another brother of the writer came up from Shenandoah, Ia.; so there was a sort of family re-union. In the evening the writer returned to the institution. Dr. Gallaudet was the guest of the Rev. Mr. Webb.

On the Sunday following the writer had the novel experience of preaching at two State institutions. He took charge of the morning service at the Iowa Institution at 9 o'clock, and at its close drove over to the transfer with Superintendent and Mrs. Folsom, Mr. and Mrs. Southwick and Mr. Simpson. Crossing over to Omaha, the party was met by Superintendent Gillespie, of the Nebraska Institution, and soon after taken out four miles to the school. After dinner the service was held in one of the school-rooms, in the presence of officers, teachers and pupils. Dr. Gallaudet had conducted the morning service previously, and gone down to preach at the regular morning service at the cathedral.

The special service at the cathedral was attended by all of the pupils from the institution, who were brought over in wagons. Bishop Clarkson was unable to be present owing to engagements in another part of the State.

Our next objective point is Olathe, Kan., to visit the institution, and we leave soon; so this letter must be brought to a close.

A. W. MANN.

### WILL RECEIVE LECTURES FROM TEACHERS AND FRIENDS.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 19, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please insert the following notice in your paper as early as possible:

At a special meeting of the Deaf-Mute Society, held in the "Bible-room" of Lower Parewell Hall, a resolution was offered and adopted that the secretary be directed to give notice through the deaf-mute papers that the society would be glad to receive lectures from teachers and friends of the deaf-mutes when they visit this city. Those who can do so, will please address or call on Prof. P. A. Emery, President of the society, at 203 West Indiana street. (Indiana street cars pass the door.)

Other deaf-mute papers please copy. G. A. CHRISTENSEN, Sec'y.

—A gentleman in Pennsylvania has a small boat shaped like a shell, which is drawn in the water by two tame sturgeon fishes, which are harnessed to the boat by rubber bands around their bodies. He drives the fishes by a pointed stick, and they draw the boat as fast as a horse usually trots.

### GEN. HENRY E. McCULLOCH'S DEFENSE OF HIMSELF.

The first idea that strikes one reading the pamphlet written by General McCulloch in defense of himself is the political nature of the Texas Institution and the evils that resulted from it. In the first place, General McCulloch's predecessor, Professor Van Nostrand, seemed a zealous politician, taking an active share in the opposition against the existing government. If this be true, who can blame that government for depriving him of his position and appointing one of its friends in his place—a thing which the other party would have done had it been in power and which has been, and still is being, done in all parts of this country, the National Capitol setting the example? It is this very nature of the institution that acts as a drawback upon its progress, subjecting it to frequent changes at the will or caprice of the party which the wheel of fortune, always revolving, places in authority. Therefore it seems advisable to take the power of appointment out of the grasp of politicians and put it into the hands of a board of directors or trustees composed of honest, responsible gentlemen, as is done with the best of results in other institutions of the kind.

Now, as we have already seen, Professor Van Nostrand was removed for political reasons, and the blame, if there were any, rests entirely upon the Governor, not upon General McCulloch, who simply obeyed a call which was made upon him. But the former superintendent had many friends, political as well as personal, who, on one hand, took his removal as an affront to their party, and as a personal wrong on the other. Hence it was that General McCulloch was regarded at the outset as a usurper of the good Van Nostrand; the very teachers and pupils were prejudiced against him, and the result is but too evident. Whenever the new incumbent attempted to make any changes, any new reforms in the administration of affairs, looking towards the best interests of the institution, he found his plans received coldly and with suspicion. He tried to get along as well as he could with the teachers that he found there when he came into power, but when a good or better teacher was found he dismissed the one for the other. But there was this peculiarity about the whole affair, that the new teacher, although coming from a distance from the scene of action, no sooner became an inmate of the institution than he imbibed the prejudices of the people around him in regard to the superintendent. The air seemed full of plots against the new head of the institution, and the only wonder is that he was able to hold his own against such fearful odds for three years. That his administration should partake somewhat of the sternness of military discipline, was but natural, bred up as he had been in the rigors of a camp, and added to this was the fact, plainly shown by the vehemence and passion of his self-defense, that he was a man of strong feelings. These facts should not, however, be allowed to weigh against him, if, as has been admitted, even by his enemies, he had done a great deal for the improvement of the institution. Most of the charges against him have been ably refuted by him in his pamphlet and, in the opinion of fair-minded persons, he must be fully exonerated from the leading charges. The majority of those things of which he has been accused, are such as superintendents of institutions have had experience with, and his method of dealing with such misdoings have been little if any serner than that used by others in the same position.

Most of the charges have been proved to be of a trivial character, and the peace and interests of the institution demanded that nothing short of misdeeds which cannot be lightly passed over should be allowed to mar the progress of the pupils and the welfare of the school. It cannot be denied that, in many cases, those persons who attempt to besmirch the fair name of the heads of institutions work either for the sake of ambition or from motives of revenge. O, ye gods, why should the happiness and moral well-being of many be imperilled for the sake of a few? In attempting to ruin the principals, they, too often, ruin the institutions. Something should be done, and that at once, to put a stop to such useless attempts, and in a manner to deter other attempts of the same kind in the future. Why don't the offended party sue the defamers for libel? That would be the best means to strike terror into the hearts of all such evil-doers.

But to return to General McCulloch. In reading his pamphlet, it must strike every candid reader that General McCulloch had been more sinned against than sinning, for the most serious fault which can be justly laid at his door is his ignorance of the sign-language. The knowledge of signs is a more important qualification in the superintendent of a deaf-mute institution than he seems to think, for the reason that, if he would understand the needs and wants of the pupils under his charge, he must be able to communicate with them. But had he not a principal teacher to assist him, and was not the latter hired for the purpose? The best and most manly course for one in that position would have been to try to act for the best interests of the institution, reconciling the differences between the pupils and the superintendent, instead of sowing seeds of discord only to reap a harvest of dismissals and resignations that cause an incalculable amount of injury to the institution. As far as I could see, if affairs had been allowed to go on in their course, no worse things would have happened than occasional acts of sev-

erity, which would prove more beneficial than otherwise in the end.

JUSTITIA.

National Deaf-Mute College, May 18, 1879.

### NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

DEAR JOURNAL:—The first public exhibition of the year was given by the pupils on Friday afternoon, May 9th, at the Broadway Tabernacle, Broadway and Thirty-fourth street.

Thursday afternoon speculations were rife among the pupils as to whether we would be compelled to suffer the inconvenience of inclement weather, and great was their joy upon rising on Friday morning to behold the sun smiling his daily greetings. A finer morning never rose on earth than that which ushered in the day. There would be no use in attempting to describe its loveliness, balminess, and freshness; that would be impossible. Byron somewhere says.

"Tis morn, the dewy morn,  
With breath all incense, and with cheeks all bloom;  
Laughing away the clouds to scorn,  
And living as if earth contained no tomb."

With the weather in their favor the pupils became quite animated, and all the morning were busy in anticipation of the afternoon's pleasure. After dinner toilettes were prepared, and a few minutes past 2 o'clock those who were to participate in the exercises marched to the railroad, at the foot of the hill, and there awaited the train. In about ten minutes it came, puffing and blowing, but benignly stopped for the merry throng of pupils. When all were safely aboard away the train went, and after a delightful ride reached the depot at Thirtieth street. Here stages were in waiting, and conveyed the pupils to the Tabernacle.

At 3:30 the exercises opened with prayer, followed by remarks from Rev. Dr. Adams, President of the Board of Directors, as follows:

"This is an occasion when silence is golden. The aim of those who direct the institution is to give a good common-school education to those who are deprived of the sense of hearing and the power of speech; and such knowledge of the useful arts as will furnish the means of securing a subsistence. Some of the children are as able to understand all ordinary subjects as children in possession of all the senses. There are over 500 inmates in actual attendance at the schools of the institution."

The exercises were then continued by Dr. Peet in the following order:

1. Primary instruction; illustrated by seven little boys, who, when they entered the institution, in September last, were just above the age of six.

2. The second year in the English Language of children but eighteen months from absolute ignorance of every form of words or of connected phraseology.

3. The third term of Charles McCormick, a deaf-mute without hands, whose condition has made necessary an artificial speech, to all ideas of which he was a stranger on his admission to the institution.

4. Articulation and Labiography as developed through Bell's System of Visible Speech.

5. Development of the Mind through the sense of touch, as exhibited in the cases of James H. Caton and Richard T. Clinton, two totally blind mutes, and of Joseph Miller and Stanley Robinson, partially blind.

6. Examination in Geography of six middle class boys.

7. General written exercises by older pupils, both boys and girls.

8. Short theses on studies, and answers to questions proposed by the audience, by the High Class.

9. Illustrations of the sign language in its alphabetic, verbal and ideographic forms. These will be interspersed through the exercises, as the pupils are writing.

10. The Doxology and the Lord's Prayer in concerted signs.

11. Benediction.

The idea of the exhibition will be better obtained from the following, which appeared in the *New York World* of May 10th:

The largest attendance of the week filled the pews and aisles in the Broadway Tabernacle yesterday afternoon to witness the anniversary exercises of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. Rev. Dr. William Adams, President of the Board of Directors, occupied the chair and opened the exercises with prayer. In the centre of the stage were seven large slates upon easels, for the written exercises, and upon a side-table lay an adz, a saw, a jug and several such objects used in teaching the children. About 100 of the 500 pupils of the institution were present, occupying seats in the pews on either side of the stage, while a dozen of the younger girls in white dresses and bright ribbons sat with the instructors on the platform. The crowds of interested friends of the institution which filled the aisles and stood up in the galleries contained many personal friends of the individual pupils who appeared in the various exercises, and smiles and nods and fingered greetings were exchanged between them. The smaller children were very busy and very silent in whispering among themselves with their active little fingers, and occasionally a vocal laugh was uttered by them, though they could not hear themselves. Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, Principal of the institution, conducted all of the exercises according to the programme and was assisted by several of the instructors in the schools. When Dr. Adams had made a few general introductory remarks Dr. Peet called up several little boys, all about of an age and none of them over seven years. They were neatly dressed and each

wore a broad, white collar and a red silk bow at his throat. They appeared intelligent and happy and took their places by the large slates eagerly. Last September these little fellows had absolutely no knowledge of any means of spoken or written communication not even knowing their own names. Now they are able to read and write and have learned the names of many natural objects. Their instructor, Mr. Van Tassel, wrote upon a slate the names of certain objects upon the tables, which the boys at once pointed out, and then the objects being pointed out they wrote the names. This illustrated their first idea of language. A similar exhibition was given by several boys in the second year in English language—boys who eighteen months ago were in utter ignorance of every form of words. But one of the more remarkable features of the exhibition was an illustration by several of the deaf-mutes of what may be accomplished in articulation by means of written signs representing the movements of the lips and other vocal organs. Mr. Currier, the instructor, first explained the method and then wrote words and sentences upon the slate in certain curious characters. These were readily translated by a young girl, Miss Felver, and articulated with wonderful accuracy. She is unable to hear any sound whatever, but has been taught to speak in this way. The same thing was more wonderfully shown by Charles McCormick, a handsome boy, who besides being deaf and dumb has no hands, and therefore cannot employ the usual sign language. But he can understand the motions of the lips as far as his vocabulary goes and is himself learning to articulate by means of this artificial speech. He has been in the institution for three terms, and during that time has learned to write, being able to hold his pencil or crayon by bending together the elbow joints of his right arm. Miss Dillingham silently but most gracefully recited ideographic signs a poem by Moore, in which Dr. Peet accompanied her, reading the lines to the audience as Miss Dillingham acted them. Thus by a system of signs and gestures she was able to illustrate to a fellow deaf-mute the whole sentiment of the poem without, of course, the exact language. Miss Florence Jones, a young lady who will be graduated this summer from the institute, also recited in signs a few verses which Miss Calcine repeated vocally by the artificial language. Some of the older boys were allowed to write brief essays or autobiographical sketches on the slates. Two of these were read to the audience, one having been written by the grandson of an English veteran of Waterloo, who at the age of eighty-five still lives in England. Another created a buzz of suspicion and excitement when it was read. It began, "My father was born in Bangkok, Siam. He was one of the celebrated 'Siamese Twins,' as the English people called them, of whom you have all heard." The sketch was related briefly, the event of their first leaving Siam and subsequent marriage to two sisters in South Carolina. Chang was the father of this young man, who was one of ten children. He had one sister who was deaf and dumb and has lost three sisters. He spoke in affectionate terms of his uncle Eng.

Two most unfortunate boys, both deaf and dumb and blind, were presented to the audience and their teacher showed how by means of the sign-alphabet, the letters made in the blind boys' hands, communication could be had with them. As with one hand the boy followed his teacher's questions with the other he formed the reply with lightning rapidity. One of the blind mutes actually wrote several sentences on the blackboard or slate. The use of raised letters was also shown and the wonderful sensitiveness of touch by which they are read was shown in several exercises, all of them indicating the great skill and perseverance and patience which must be employed in the instruction of these unfortunate children to whom all sound and language are at first as a sealed book. The last exercise on the programme was the recitation in concerted signs of the doxology and the Lord's Prayer.

The next exhibition will take place on the occasion of the annual election of the board of directors, at 2 P. M. May 20th, when an entirely new programme will be carried out. F. Washington Heights, May 17, 1879.

### A DISHONEST SEMI-MUTE.

TORONTO, CAN., May 19, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A letter appeared in the *Journal* of the 15th inst., signed "W. E. S." I think the readers of the *Journal* are blind. W. E. Sloane, a semi-mute, was married to a deaf-mute lady by the name of Miss Barrett, at Brantford, Ont., last June, but for some time they have not lived together. William E. Sloane was stopping at the Toronto General Hospital for a couple of weeks, and his wife had to earn her own living. Mrs. Sloane wrote to her parents, who live in Solomon City, Kan., asking for some money to take her and her husband to Kansas. She got \$100 for that purpose. Their departure from this city was noticed in the *Journal* some time ago, I believe. They went together on the train. When the train stopped at some station for luncheon, Sloane went out of the train to bring some refreshments for his wife, but did not do so, and never came back. In about half an hour, the train started on its journey again, and poor Mrs. Sloane was astonished to see that her husband had left her. William E. Sloane came back to Canada, and is now traveling around Ontario, and his wife is in Kansas. Is it honest? I would send you something which was published

in a Brantford newspaper about William E. Sloane before he was married to that deaf-mute lady, but it is not necessary to publish it, and he should be ashamed of it.

Yours truly,  
A TORONTONIAN.

### An Indian Girl Plants a Tree—Its Results—Pear Trees 713 Years Old—A Frenchman 107 Ditto.

RAISINVILLE, Mich., May 18, 1879.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—You will find one dollar enclosed for eight months' subscription to the *Journal*—from the 1st of May to the 1st of January. Your paper is as eagerly looked for as is my best friend, and I could not do without its sun-light. It reaches me on Friday evening, the next day after you mail it.

Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Buck, deaf-mutes, of Detroit, were guests of the writer for two weeks, and passed a very pleasant time. They are traveling through Michigan and Ohio.

I will give your readers some news of Monroe county, in the time of the war among the Indians in 1812. As an Indian girl was riding along the road (once the Indian trail), on horseback she dismounted and stuck a branch of a tree, which she used for a whip, in the road. It flourished and grew up. It now measures 23 feet around the trunk, and spreads far out over the road. Fifty years afterwards the same Indian woman returned to look at the result. What was her astonishment to see so small a stick grown to a large tree! It is a cottonwood tree and is called "the half way tree," which means half way from here to Monroe. A short distance from the tree stand several pear trees, said to be 113 years old, and they still bear fruit. Still a little farther on lived a Frenchman, who died this spring, 107 years old. He was in the war of 1812. He was born and always lived on the same place, which goes to show that Monroe was settled a long time back. The writer has in his possession two curious-looking stones, said to be used by the Indians for hammers. They are egg-shaped, with grooves around them for forked handles. Monroe city possesses many relics of the war of 1812.

All grains look fine. Wheat will be a large crop. Apples, peaches, &c., are full of blossoms. Corn planting began as early as the 1st of May and is most done. I heard of one field of barley being sowed the 28th of March.

May success crown the *JOURNAL*.  
R. B. REASNER.

### A FEW FACTS FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 20, 1879.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—The debating society at this institution has been getting along well in the way of improvement and the means for cultivating the mind since its organization. Three lectures have been delivered by the teachers, and six subjects have been discussed.

I mention the following subjects which have been debated, and give the decision: "Which is the most destructive element, fire or water?"—Water; "Which is the hardest life, that of a soldier or a sailor?"—A sailor; "Which is the most useful animal, a horse or a cow?"—A cow; "Which contains the greatest wonders, the earth or the heavens?"—The earth; "Which is the greatest deprivation, the loss of sight or hearing?"—Hearing; "Which is preferable, summer or winter?"—Summer.

Those who debated on these subjects did their parts very well, considering the first time they took a "step to argument."

The subject, "Which is preferable country or city life?" will be discussed on Thursday, May 2d.

The society holds a meeting every Thursday.

Mr. William Lee, a well-known pan-tomimist among the pupils of this institution, distinguishes himself as a comical "stump speaker" in his discussions, which justly gains for him the appellation of "an Irish mimicker."

The Union Base Ball Club of this institution will be heard of through the *Journal* in a few weeks.

The boys of this institution are very proud to have their good representative, Elwell, of the National Deaf-Mute College, get the honorary degree of B. A., which has not in the least made him feel "stuck up." It is said that he modestly bears it.

More news will soon be heard from this institution through the *JOURNAL*. X.

### THE MOTHERLESS.

Sitting in the school-room, I overheard a conversation between a sister and a brother. The little boy complained of insults or wrongs received from another little boy. His face was flushed with anger. The sister listened a while, and then, turning away, she answered, "I do not want to hear another word. *Willie has no mother.*" The brother's lips were silent, the rebuke came home to him, and, stealing away, he muttered, "I never thought of that." He thought of his own mother, and the loneliness of "Willie," compared with his own happy lot. "He has no mother."

Do we think of it when want comes to the orphan, and rude words assail him? Has the little wanderer no mother to listen to his sorrows? Speak gently to him, then.—*Good News.*

—Five thousand three hundred and nineteen emigrants, the largest number on record for the same time, were landed at Castle Garden during the week ending May 24th, and on the following day 1,459 more were landed.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

BEN. BUTLER proposes to give 20,000 Wisconsin acres to the colored people.

The Dwight inquest in Binghamton re-established the fact that Col. Dwight died a natural death, and will greatly damage life insurance companies.

SIMON GOULD and his wife, who were married nearly seventy-three years ago, are living with their son, who is seventy years old, near Montpelier, Vt. The husband is in his ninety-ninth year, and his wife in her ninety-sixth. They have lived upon the same farm all their married life.

The United States census will be taken in 1880, and preparations are now being made for the work. Why would it not be wise for the authorities of our deaf-mute institutions and deaf-mute societies to take immediate steps to secure accurate statistics of all material facts relating to the deaf and dumb of this country? We, to be sure, have many estimates now, but they don't agree and do not carry conviction to the mind as would the actual returns of a reliable census.

The manufacture of nitro-glycerine is very simple. It is made by combining under water in wooden vats equal parts of nitric and sulphuric acids. One eighth of the bulk of the acids of glycerine is added. The mixture, being heavier than water, sinks to the bottom and is drawn off as nitro-glycerine, in appearance like melted lard. Dynamite, giant powder, vigonite, hercules powder, or any other compound having nitro-glycerine as its basis is made by allowing infusorial earth to absorb nitro-glycerine in more or less quantities. Some would think that, as the manufacture is so simple, these explosives could be made on the spot wherever required for use. But there is not the least danger in the transportation of nitro-glycerine, if it is properly done; that is if the explosive is kept in a frozen state. Mr. Mowbray, who supplies the nitro-glycerine for the lime-kiln works, has never had an accident with all the stuff he has transported, while he had several blows up at his factory, at North Adams. He has made two or three fortunes at the manufacture of explosives, but has spent nearly all he has made in experimenting. He has never yet been able to make frozen nitro-glycerine explode. At the last explosion he had, at North Adams, a piece of iron tore through the store house, where some tons of frozen nitro-glycerine were kept. It scattered the chunks of nitro-glycerine in all directions, yet no explosion took place. There is not the slightest danger in transporting nitro-glycerine or its compounds if they are kept frozen.

The old story of Queen Victoria's wooing has just been retold. After her ascension to the throne it was arranged that she should marry a brother of the King of the Netherlands, but meeting Prince Albert of Coburg she fell in love with him, and informing the prime minister of that important and delicate fact, Albert was sent for and had an audience with the Queen. The two lovers were placed in a very peculiar position. The social position of Victoria was so superior to that of Prince Albert that he could not make the first advance, nor offer the lady his hand, as is usually the case between lovers now-a-days. It was rather for her to make the proposition, and offer her hand, and she accomplished this somewhat unusual task in a very skillful manner. With a gracious smile she handed the Prince a small bouquet of flowers, which he placed as near as possible to his heart. As he had no button-hole or pocket in that region of his close-fitting uniform, he took his penknife, cut a slit, and slipped in the precious token. He then expressed his thankfulness and pleasure at being so well received at the English court, and especially at his reception by the queen, in reply to which she asked him the tell tale question: "If the country pleases Your Highness so well, perhaps you would not object to remain with us?" The Prince replied that that was the great desire of his life, and on the 10th of February, 1840, following they were married.

A Southerner writes to a newspaper in this State that, while in certain sections, and possibly in whole States, the negro enjoys all the rights of a white man, in other sections and in whole States he is unmercifully abused—that he is not only deprived of his rights, but of his life in many cases. Hence from these sections they are doing what every other man would do, if he could, going out to more congenial quarters. Naturally enough in these States the land owners are doing what they can to check the exodus—some by fair means, and some by foul. But the black man is thoroughly aroused, and the discontent is rapidly spreading, and we fear may reach those parts where peace and harmony prevail. Many abuses, no doubt, will be cured on the part of those who can see that the interests of the two races are identical. Let the white man but stop to think that the prosperity of the black man is in one sense his own prosperity, and self love will indicate the best way out of this matter. On the other hand, our other informant tells us that the people of Kansas are doing what they can to make the new-comers happy, and are helping to settle them as fast as possible. Surely Uncle Sam is rich enough to give them all a farm, and for those who are disposed to be economical and industrious there opens a bright future.

## SUNDAY READING.

### Prayer Answered in Disappointment.

"One jewel more," I asked, "to make me glad." He took the one I had.

"Come quickly, Lord, and heal this wounded heart!"

Still more he made it smart.

"At length from trouble bid my soul repose," Thicker came the blows.

"Grant me a life of active zeal," I said, He laid me on a sick bed.

I asked to "soar in sunlight as the lark," But groped on in the dark.

"At least give peace to victory over sin," More loud grew battle's din.

"Oh, let me rest with thee in pastures green!" Only steep crags are seen.

"Why with keen knife, dear Lord, dost prune me so?"

That grace may quicker grow!

"Why in my portion mix such bitter leaven?" To fit these more for heaven.

"Lord, take Thy way with me—Thy way, not mine."

"My child!—all things are thine.

"All in the end, though grievous, shall prove best,

And then—eternal rest."

—Rev. Newman Hall.

## THE SABBATH.

"The Sabbath was made for man."

It is somewhat curious in reading the history of the observance of the Sabbath, in different times, by the various religious sects, to note the divergencies of views in regard to the way in which the command—"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy"—is to be obeyed. The Hebrews, for many centuries after the promulgation of the law by Moses, seemed to emphasize the part requiring cessation of physical labor, both of man and beast, while a portion of the day, at least, was given up to feasting and recreation. In conformity with their tradition, they severely condemned Christ for healing on the Sabbath, and because His disciples plucked and ate the ears of corn to appease their hunger, but they made no complaint when he attended a feast on the Sabbath day, to which many were invited.

The disciples of our Lord, at the present day, differ quite as widely as did the Hebrews and early Christians as to the proper manner of observing the Sabbath, some being quite lax in views and practices; others, rigid. It seems to us that the words of Jesus, quoted at the beginning of this article, afford a proper guide to the due observance of the Christian Sabbath. The ordinance of the Sabbath is not an arbitrary law, but, like all other laws of God, is founded upon the nature and wants of man, and should be observed in the way that will, in the highest degree, promote his true welfare. If he is engaged during the six days, in severe, exhausting physical labor, he most needs rest for the body, and while that end may not be defeated by attending, at least, once during the day, religious services, attending church, in some instances, being carried to such an extent as to almost deprive man of needed rest. Again, many laboring and business men are absent from their families so much of their time during the six secular days that they neglect that social intercourse with them which is an imperative duty. A part of the Sabbath may well be used by such to improve their acquaintance with their families.

But while these minor duties should not be neglected, we should remember that the paramount duty of man is to understand his spiritual relations to God, to love and adore Him supremely, and His moral relations to man, to love and assist his fellow man by every means in his power, and that there is no better or more useful way of spending the most sacred of days than in cultivating and developing our higher nature, in quickening, expanding and strengthening our relation with Him who is Love and Intelligence, Goodness and Truth, and who gives liberally to all who ask of Him. In view of this, we should spend the Sabbath in such a way that, when it is ended, we shall feel that we are better for the day, better fitted to live for the glory of God and the good of man.

## THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty," is the promise. Here on earth there was "no beauty that we should desire Him." Yet even then, in His early obscurity and humility and in His later sufferings, He was a king, and when the people made for Him their simple and spontaneous triumphal procession, it was not merely a whim of theirs to call Him king. Nor can it have been only because they remembered the prophecies which spoke of the Messiah as royal. It must have been, surely, because they felt and were confident, from His look and manner, that the title belonged to Him. But few, indeed, were they who conceded it to Him here. Now, however, in the heavenly realm, He receives His royal honors. And in all the majesty of His infinite condescension, He welcomes to Himself His own, to be with Him and to share His glory evermore. Courage, then Christians, no matter how wearisome the present! "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty."—Congregationalist.

## THE TRUTH IN A LEGEND.

There is a legend of a vessel approaching a coast where a powerful magnet lay hidden in a mountain's heart. As it slowly came within reach of the magnet's strength, the iron bolts, as if by magic, were drawn from their timbers, and the vessel went to pieces. The craft of skeptical science—bolstered together with denials of a present God

in nature—can not find anchorage on any shore of human life; for every shore holds invisibly the magnet of a moral consciousness strong enough to draw the bolts which argument could not break.—Interior.

## CONDENSED NEWS.

—William Lloyd Garrison is very sick.

—Loggillard made \$300,000 by the winnings of Parole.

—Two blocks in the business portion of Chico, Cal., recently burned.

—The first crate of Georgia peaches left Macon for New York May 20th.

—At Bismarck, D. T., grasshoppers have appeared in considerable numbers.

—The farm-house and large out buildings of S. A. Hodsell, near Copenhagen, N. Y., burned May 16th.

—Judge Dillon, of the United States Court, has resigned to accept a professorship in the law school of Columbia College.

—Miss Annie Travor, aged 20 years, the accomplished daughter of a wealthy citizen of Beaver, Mass., recently married a negro.

—The Northern Railroad round-house at New London, Conn., burned May 21st, badly disabling four locomotives.

—Fifteen hundred tons of raw sugar from Cuba, the first direct importation for several years, were recently unloaded at Montreal.

—The expelled students of Dartmouth College, having made proper apologies for their recent misconduct, have been re-admitted to the college.

—John Turner's little mare Nettie, in Philadelphia, with a record of 2:18, died May 17th of lockjaw caused by sticking a nail in the bottom of one of her feet.

—William Nelson, a negro, of Terre Haute, Ind., has been sentenced to imprisonment in the Indiana Penitentiary for one year and fined \$500 for marrying a white woman.

—Charles Miller, a private belonging to the 7th United States Cavalry, at Fort Abraham Lincoln, recently eloped with the daughter of Frank Miller, a wealthy St. Paul merchant.

—The steam-yacht Louisa, owned by Charles Stenglein, of New York, struck a rock and sunk in Little Hell-Gate. Of the seven persons on board two males and one female were drowned.

—Rev. Professor Isaacs, who died a few days ago at the age of 74, was long a minister of a Manchester, Eng., Jewish synagogue, and is said to be the first Jewish preacher in England who preached in English.

—In New York James Lennox pays a tax on \$1,400,000 worth of personal property, Moses Taylor on \$1,300,000, Peter Goelet on \$1,000,000, William H. Vanderbilt on \$500,000, and Samuel J. Tilden on \$90,000.

—The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church held their semi-annual meeting a few days ago in the city of Wheeling, W. Va., nine of them being present. Dates and places were named for the fall conferences.

—Auditor Maynard, of San Francisco, died in three hours after inflicting fourteen stab-wounds upon his own body with a carving-knife "while in a fit of mental depression," as he stated to some of his friends just previous to his death.

—A late issue of the Burlington (Ia.) *Hankeye* contains special report from more than 100 different points in the State. They show an increased acreage of wheat and corn, and that both of these crops are in excellent condition.

—Rev. Wesley W. Bishop, the co-conspirator and murderer with Kate Cobb of her husband, pleaded guilty of murder in the first degree in the Superior Court at Norwich May 20th and was sentenced to the Connecticut State Prison for life.

—Ex-State Senator Cornish has been sentenced to one year in the New Jersey State Prison for conspiring to defraud his county out of ten thousand dollars; ex-Chief of Police Sweeney, of Philadelphia, convicted of raising a county bill, also received one year.

—John Flynn, of New York, was last week sentenced to eighteen years in State Prison for robbing Mrs. Augusta DeBary of a diamond earring on Fifth avenue one day last winter. His accomplice, Pender, was recently convicted and also received a long term sentence.

—A terrific thunder storm passed over Washington county, Ind., near Frederickburg, one night recently, blowing down several farm-houses and barns and killing John Durnell and Silas Moran, farm hands. At Laven-side three farm-houses were demolished and three persons killed.

—Edward Reardon and Thomas Murphy, aged nine years, of Boston, have been held to answer to a charge of manslaughter; they with several other small boys caused the death of a ten-year-old daughter of W. H. Goodspeed by pelting her with stones because she picked up and refused to give up to the boys a ball with which they had been playing.

—William Gordon, assistant in the mail department of H. B. Claflin & Co.'s dry goods house, New York, and Thomas L. Smith, a former employee, were recently arrested, the former on a charge of having during the past five years, at various periods, stolen about \$6,000 worth of postage stamps, and the latter charged with having disposed of them. Gordon confessed, and claimed that he was induced to commit the crime by Smith, who he says received the lion's share of the profits.

## A MISTAKEN SMILE--SIGNS--A DICTIONARY OF SIGNS.

What sort of a house is that which has a scaffold equal to it, and in some respects better? A scaffolding, too, that must be kept standing as long as the house lasts. One, too, that was built before the house, and lasts longer than a succession of houses. If the sign-language was entirely artificial or temporary, the idea that it is a kind of a scaffold would be more true. As it is not either, but a natural language which is foreign to no people, nor antagonistic to any language, the similitude is wrong, because no amount of tearing down can efface it, or make it useless to the majority of mutes; not even the mastering of written language can do it.

As a "stagnant fact," it is no matter how well mutes may learn to write from signs as a basis, (or lip-reading,) the majority of them never wholly drop their own language—signs. So long as they intermarry and associate together, just so long will they use signs, and thus keep this language alive and green. Providentially they are compensated to quite an extent for the loss of hearing and speech in one of the most remarkable languages on earth. So far as I know and have observed, the best friends of the mutes have, with few exceptions, been also staunch friends and advocates of the sign-language.

When teaching a German or a Frenchman the English, his own language is often resorted to to explain what is meant in English; and because they are, are they mere scaffolding and imperfect in themselves? Are they stumbling blocks to these persons after they have fully mastered the English? If so, why is it an accomplishment of speaking people to be master of more than one language? Had the "learned blacksmith" been master of the sign-language, would not his accomplishment have been still greater? The reason that mutes do not generally write correct is not because the sign-language is a hindrance, but because they never mastered it in its methodical arrangement, nor learned by it or otherwise the written language thoroughly. The fault is in the limited schooling of mutes to a few years, and also in the teacher, and not the signs, in his not using methodical signs, not pantomimes only, plain and long enough during the pupils' first few years at school; or until the pupils have learned and acquired the habit of expressing themselves in good English both in signs and writing. For when a mute can write or spell on his fingers, "I wish a glass of water," instead of "water I wish," and equally as well in all else, it will be immaterial whether he uses signs or not.

If signs are a hindrance to learning to write well, then why do oral teachers of mutes constantly use signs? Simply because half or poorly educated mutes cannot otherwise understand them, and to the well educated mute it does no harm, and is the most easy, pleasant and quickest way to talk with them. I see no way to stop it, as oral teachers as well as mutes take to signs like a duck to water when in company with those who understand signs. Even oral teachers themselves often prefer to talk with each other by signs instead of by the voice! There are exceptions, but they are few and far between.

It is the too constant use of the pantomimic signs in the school-room, and not enough of the methodical or word signs, that hinders pupils from learning to write correctly. Use the methodical signs more constantly in the school-room and you will be surprised how soon the mutes will learn to write correctly. This I know from repeated experience. The methodical sign system may seem odd and like a tread mill process, so is the learning of any language, but the constant use soon gets the pupils into the habit of signing and writing correctly, which is the main object.

The idea that the constant spelling on the hands tends to habituate mutes to write correct is not always true; for even among speaking children a good speller is often poor in grammar or correct writing, while a poor speller is often a good writer. The mutes generally are real fine spellers, which is quite a credit to them, but their grammar is not always the best. If the reverse was the case it would be better for them. The memory of construction is sacrificed to spelling! To require pupils to spell every word in a lesson from beginning to end is ridiculous and even cruel. Such constant exercise of the spelling memory seldom strengthens that of construction memory, but rather tends to weaken it. This is so in my own case and I believe, it is more or less so with others. What would be thought of a teacher with an oral class who would not allow the pupils to read by pronunciation or the "word system," but make them all spell each and every word in succession, or spell part and pronounce part alternately? Such a proceeding would be foolish. And it is equally so in requiring mutes to learn to write correctly by constantly spelling word by word. Some say that the use of signs tends to habituate the mutes to write backward. This abuse or wrong way may, but the proper way seldom if ever does. I have often seen oral teachers express themselves backward in spelling! Thus—"You town go!" And they murder the sign-English too; thus—"Lady who ~~was~~?" instead of saying in signs, "Who is that lady?" How can mutes ever learn to write correctly by munched and mumbled signs? Good grammar is based upon arrangements of words and not on spelling. By using methodical signs with pupils for the first few years, and spelling only such words as you have no sign for, you

will have but little trouble in teaching mutes to write quite fairly, and a few of them well. Correct writing on all subjects is a great literary accomplishment, and only a few of the oral people attain to it, making it quite out of the question with mutes and even with many of the semi-mutes.

There is entirely too much fine spinning about mute scholarship in writing and entirely too little training of their moral and physical faculties, which is their greatest need. Not over one in ten of the oral children, with all their five senses and school advantages, ever became good scholars! With the loss of two important senses of the five, the ratio of possibility is reduced over 40 per cent! While good moral character and good industrious habits are possible with nine out of ten among oral people, I see no reason why this ratio should not be as large, if not larger, among mutes.

First of all, the mutes should be well versed in their own language, especially in its methodical or word arrangement. This done and you have an open way for aid with them. As oral children are forced to make out the proper meaning of a word of more than one meaning, by its association with other words, so should be the mutes. Hence, every word, or all that can have, should have a single sign of its own, and not a lot of different signs for one word according to where and how it is used; or else you confuse the pupil, and he will get the habit of bad writing; i. e. do not use the sign "because" for "turn" or "turning to" except in giving the meaning, but use a separate sign for each. True, this would require many arbitrary signs, yet none more than the spoken or written language. It is not the great number of arbitrary signs that trouble mutes, but too few and the using of the few for too many different things. Brevity is a nice thing, but when it confounds and confuses it is detestable.

As most languages grew up from small and imperfect beginnings to nice arbitrary rounding off, I do not see why the wonderful language of signs cannot also be developed into a fuller one, if not a finished one; at least so that it would be identical in its particulars the world over, as it is already so in its essentials, even so full as to express "nice shades of thoughts." It certainly has quite a capability in the way of general improvement and a wider identical use. Even in its crude state, I have seen some fine shades of thoughts expressed by it. It surpasses all oral languages in many respects.

If the English, Spanish, French, or German people were to become extinct their language would die with them and become "a dead language," but not so of the natural and beautiful language of signs, which is foreign to no people, but belongs alike to all nations and people. And as long as the human race exists, at least so long as there are mutes, it will continue to exist.

Had Johnson, Walker, Worcester and Webster neglected the English language as the language of signs has been it would not have become the fine language it is. Let the Johnsons, Walkers, Worcesters, and Websters of the sign-language come forward in its defence and development, and ere long it will be a language surpassing all others in faithful and living expressions. If, however, it is impossible to develop it into a full one, that is no reason for its non-improvement, nor for discontinuing its use in its present undeveloped state.

Though the methodical signs may be a little tedious, yet they are no more so than oral talking, while their constant use will soon make them quite pleasant, with the satisfaction of always being correctly understood, and such help the mutes wonderfully to think as they should write. Mutes of only a fair education can write down almost verbatim, or word for word, a lecture given in the methodical signs; while the best educated mute has hard work to write a lecture given in colloquial signs. To require pupils in their first years at school to write out, by guessing at, what the teacher said by pantomimes, is a good way to confound, confuse, and make bad grammar. So soon as a sentence is fully explained in colloquial signs they should be dropped and the sentence be given in methodical signs until the pupils are able to write quite correctly; and then, and not till then, methodical signs can be dropped; though I see no use of ever dropping them any more than to stop speaking methodically—grammatically.

I have an article on a "Dictionary of Signs," but as it is too long to add here, I will only say a few words on this subject. Some think because it is impossible to illustrate all signs it is of no use to illustrate any of those that can be, and explain how others are made. An imperfect dictionary of any language is better than none at all. It is a general complaint that mutes educated in the different State mute schools, even those nearest each other, too often use signs so different for common things as to cause grave mistakes. Whereas, if we had some sort of a dictionary of signs, in general use in the mute schools, much of this difference in signs would not exist. It is claimed that mutes cannot be properly and well educated without signs; yet what sort of a school is that based upon the sign system, yet requiring a universal sign system, and even allowing teachers in the same school to use different signs for the same word? Uniformity in signs is just as essential in a mute school as good grammar, and without a uniformity of signs we shall always have indifferent scholars. And this uniformity should not be confined to a single school, but should be and is

the same in all the schools, for the very best of reasons, and to attain the best results. Had this idea been entertained and persisted in from father Gallaudet down to this time, we would now have a uniformity of signs worth something, and the mutes a royal road to good English. And the sign-language would now, or soon would be, one with plenty of pronouns, prepositions, and moods, and a syntax excelled by none, and possibly excelling all others!

Because we cannot now have an unabbreviated dictionary of signs, is no reason why we should not have an abbreviated one of some kind. I remember when we had very small dictionaries of the English to what we now have. The art of photo-lithography and that of graphic illustrations may yet render an unabbreviated dictionary of signs a future possibility; at least one that will be quite full and excellent, which will do much to make signs in the various schools for mutes all over the world more uniform, and smooth the path to good English. I do not, and dare not, set any boundaries to present nor future possibilities, nor make light of unavoidable imperfections in the sign-language, nor in the art of mute instruction.

P. A. EMBURY.

## NEWS FROM WEST VIRGINIA.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I would express my great pleasure in sending some news, concerning deaf-mutes, as far as I know, and I hope you will be so well satisfied with it as to publish it in your really good paper.

Mr. Chapman Watson, of Wheeling, W. Va., a former pupil of the deaf and dumb institution at Romney, W. Va., makes a living by being a bricklayer. He still lives with his father. He is a real nice gentleman.

Sallie Osborne, of Wheeling, W. Va., did not go to school last winter, but is to go next fall. She is a very bright and remarkably smart girl, about twelve years of age. She expects to go to Michigan with her parents to visit her aunt, who has lived there for some years.

Miss Emma Robinson, of Bridgeport, O., graduated from the Ohio deaf and dumb institution some years ago. She lives with her married sister, for her poor mother died a year ago. She has a deaf-mute sister, who was married to a respectable deaf-mute gentleman named Redington, near Cleveland, O. He lives on a nice farm, and is doing well.

There are about fifteen deaf-mutes from near Wheeling attending the deaf-mute school at Romney.

Fannie Orr, of Holly Cove, Brooke county, W. Va., is at school at Romney. She is a great favorite with her relatives and friends, for she is a very pretty girl.

Andrew Donaldson lives in North Star, Washington county, Pa. He graduated from the deaf and dumb institution in Philadelphia. He is an artist, and is still a bachelor. His father is a farmer.

There are two deaf-mute families living in Washington county, Pa., several miles from Pittsburgh. One of the deaf-mutes, named Henry Winch, living in Dinsmore, has a family consisting of a mute wife and eight mute children. Four of the children have been sent to the deaf and dumb school at Turtle Creek, Alleghany county, Pa. They are improving well. Mr. Winch makes a living by shoemaking. He and his wife were both educated at the deaf and dumb institution in Philadelphia.

Now I am going to write about another family in the same county. James Laird, of Bulger, has a deaf-mute wife, and two mute children, one of whom was married to a deaf-mute widow, of Ohio. His name is James F. Laird. He left school in Philadelphia about twelve years ago, after only four years' attendance, although he is well educated. The deaf-mute daughter, Lizzie, who has been to school in Philadelphia and in Columbus, O., is pretty well educated. She was in school in two different States for only four years. She is now a fine young lady. The youngest son, who can hear and speak, is now employed as a telegraph operator in Bulger. I was informed that he had been attacked by robbers, last month, who took his money and revolver. He heard a noise and went out to learn the cause, but was suddenly caught by four masked burglars, who gagged him and bound his arms to prevent his raising a warning. They took him into the store-room, and tied him to a post. They hunted for the money in the store-room and found some, but not a large sum. They then escaped. The operator succeeded in getting the gag out of his mouth, and cried for help, which was rendered by the neighbors, who were aroused by his cry of "help." The thieves have not yet been arrested.

Miss Mary Morgan, of Bridgeport, Washington county, Pa., was educated at the deaf and dumb institution in Philadelphia. She is living with her unmarried sister. They keep boarders for a living. She is a handsome brunette. I was informed that there are four deaf-mute fellows employed in the steel works in Bradford, Alleghany county, Pa. One of them has a nice young wife, and they keep two mute boarders. His name is Samuel Davidson.

Mr. and Mrs. David Smith moved back to his father's farm last month, from Bradford, Pa., where he used to work with Samuel Davidson.

Robert Henderson, of Coal Bluff, Washington county, Pa., is employed as a coal miner. He is an active worker. He is still a bachelor. He was educated at Philadelphia.

There are many deaf-mutes in Pittsburgh, Pa., but I cannot describe them in this letter. There are five deaf-mutes employed in the cork factory. One of

them is Annie Pfeiffer, a bright girl. She left school in Philadelphia a few years ago.

I wish you success and prosperity.

A LADY AMBLYER OF YOUR FARM. Farmview, W. Va., May 14, 1879.

## A Deaf-Mute Arraigned in the Police Court and Sentenced to the Work-House.

According to the Cleveland *Evening News*, George Monroe, an old, colored deaf-mute, was before Judge Young, May 15th, for indecent conduct. He was arrested by an officer on the 10th of May for grossly insulting two ladies on the street. It was not his first offense in the same line, and the Judge, after mature consideration, fined the man \$50 and costs, and also imprisonment in the Workhouse for six months. This would seem pretty severe punishment, but the prisoner had been arrested several times before on the same charge and discharged on account of his infirmity, and two or three times was sent to the Workhouse.

An educated mute, James N. Gilmore, was present during the examination as an interpreter, but could not make the prisoner understand, and the poor old fellow could only comprehend a few simple signs. After he had been sent below, he set up a wild cry or howl, something like the barking of a dog, and continued until taken away in the "Black Maria." An effort was made by the officers at the station to learn something of his home or friends, but without success, the only thing elicited being a series of inarticulate sounds and motions, from which it would seem he wanted to cross the lake to Canada. He is an innocent appearing man, and while in prison was tractable and obedient to every wish the officials could make him understand. Under the circumstances the severe sentence of the Court may be rather regarded as mercy to the man, in that it provides him food and shelter and kind treatment, which, perhaps, his infirmity would make difficult to obtain outside.

## PROF. JOB TURNER'S APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. Job Turner, deaf-mute missionary, acting under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will (D. V.) visit the following places to hold divine service for deaf-mutes and those interested in their welfare.

Sunday, May 4th, Nashville, Tenn.  
Wednesday, " 7th, Jackson, Tenn.  
Sunday, " 11th, Memphis, Tenn.  
Wednesday, " 14th, Little Rock, Ark.  
Sunday, " 18th, Austin, Texas.  
Wednesday, " 21st, Houston, Texas.  
Sunday, " 25th, Galveston, Texas.  
Friday, " 30th, Jackson, Miss.  
Sunday, June 1st, New Orleans, La.  
Wednesday, " 4th, Mobile, Ala.  
Sunday, " 8th, Montgomery, Ala.  
Tuesday, " 10th, Atlanta, Ga.  
Wednesday, " 11th, Macon, Ga.  
Sunday, " 15th, Savannah, Ga.  
Wednesday, " 22d, Charleston, S. C.  
Friday, " 25th, Wilmington, N. C.  
Sunday, " 27th, Goldboro, N. C.  
Sunday, " 29th, Petersburg, Va.  
Wednesday, July 2d, Annapolis, Md.  
Sunday, " 6th, Baltimore, Md.  
Monday, " 7th, York, Penn.  
Wednesday, " 9th, Wilmington, Del.  
Thursday, " 10th, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Sunday, " 13th, Boston, Mass.

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